

LETTERS

Of the RIGHT HONOURABLE

Lady MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

Written during her TRAVELS in

EUROPE, ASIA, AND AFRICA.

WHICH CONTAIN,

Among other curious Relations,

ACCOUNTS OF THE POLICY AND MANNERS OF THE TURKS;

DRAWN FROM SOURCES THAT HAVE BEEN IN-
ACCESSIBLE TO OTHER TRAVELLERS.

A NEW EDITION.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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LETTER XXXII.

To Mrs. T.

Adrianople, April 1, O. S. 1718.

I CAN now tell dear Mrs. T——, that I am safely arrived at the end of my very long journey. I will not tire you with the account of the many fatigues I have suffered. You would rather be informed of the strange things that are to be seen here; and a letter out of Turkey, that has nothing extraordinary in it, would be as great a disappointment as my visitors will receive at London, if I return thither without any rarities to shew them.—What shall I tell you of?—You never saw camels in your life; and perhaps the description of them will appear new to you; I can assure you, the first sight of them was so to me; and though I have seen hundreds of pictures of those animals, I never saw any that was resembling enough to give a true idea of them. I am going to make a bold observation, and possibly a false one, because nobody has ever made it

before me ; but I do take them to be of the stag-kind ; their legs, bodies, and necks, are exactly shaped like them, and their colour very near the same. 'Tis true, they are much larger, being a great deal higher than a horse, and so swift, that, after the defeat of Peterwaradin, they far outran the swiftest horses, and brought the first news of the loss of the battle to Belgrade. They are never thoroughly tamed ; the drivers take care to tie them one to another with strong ropes, fifty in a string, led by an ass, on which the driver rides. I have seen three hundred in one caravan. They carry the third part more than any horse ; but 'tis a particular art to load them, because of the bunch on their backs. They seem to me very ugly creatures, their heads being ill formed and disproportioned to their bodies. They carry all the burdens ; and the beasts destined to the plough are buffaloes, an animal you are also unacquainted with. They are larger and more clumsy than an ox ; they have short thick black horns close to their heads, which grow turning backwards. They say this horn looks very beautiful when 'tis well polished. They are all black, with very short hair on their hides, and have extremely little white eyes, that makes them look like devils. The country people dye their tails, and the hair of their forehead red, by way of ornament: Horses are not put here to any laborious work, nor are

are they at all fit for it. They are beautiful and full of spirit, but generally little, and not strong, as the breed of colder countries; very gentle, however, with all their vivacity, and also swift and sure-footed. I have a little white favourite, that I would not part with on any terms; he prances under me with so much fire, you would think that I had a great deal of courage to dare mount him; yet I'll assure you, I never rid a horse so much at my command in my life. My side-saddle is the first that was ever seen in this part of the world, and is gazed at with as much wonder, as the ship of Columbus in the first discovery of America. Here are some little birds, held in a sort of religious reverence, and for that reason multiply prodigiously; *Turtles*, on the account of their innocence; and *Storcks*, because they are supposed to make every winter the pilgrimage to Mecca. To say truth, they are the happiest subjects under the Turkish government, and are so sensible of their privileges, that they walk the streets without fear, and generally build in the low parts of houses. Happy are those whose houses are so distinguished, as the vulgar Turks are perfectly persuaded, that they will not be, that year, attacked either by fire or pestilence. I have the happiness of one of their sacred nests under my chamber window.

Now

Now I am talking of my chamber, I remember, the description of the houses here will be as new to you, as any of the birds or beasts. I suppose you have read in most of our accounts of Turkey, that their houses are the most miserable pieces of building in the world. I can speak very learnedly on that subject, having been in so many of them; and I assure you, 'tis no such thing. We are now lodged in a palace, belonging to the Grand Signior. I really think the manner of building here very agreeable, and proper for the country. 'Tis true, they are not at all solicitous to beautify the outsides of their houses, and they are generally built of wood, which, I own, is the cause of many inconveniencies; but this is not to be charged on the ill taste of the people, but on the oppression of the government. Every house, at the death of its master, is at the Grand Signior's disposal, and therefore no man cares to make a great expence, which he is not sure his family will be the better for. All their design is to build a house commodious, and that will last their lives; and they are very indifferent if it falls down the year after. Every house, great and small, is divided into two distinct parts, which only join together by a narrow passage. The first house has a large court before it, and open galleries all round it, which is, to me, a thing very agreeable. This gallery leads to all
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the chambers, which are commonly large, and with two rows of windows, the first being of painted glass; they seldom build above two stories, each of which has galleries. The stairs are broad, and not often above thirty steps. This is the house belonging to the lord, and the adjoining one is called the *Haram*, that is, the ladies apartment, (for the name of Seraglio is peculiar to the Grand Signior) it has also a gallery running round it towards the garden, to which all the windows are turned, and the same number of chambers as the other, but more gay and splendid, both in painting and furniture. The second row of windows are very low, with grates like those of convents, the rooms are all spread with Persian carpets, and raised at one end of them (my chambers are raised at both ends) about two feet. This is the *Sopha*, which is laid with a richer sort of carpet, and all round it a sort of couch raised half a foot, covered with rich silk, according to the fancy or magnificence of the owner. Mine is of scarlet cloth with a gold fringe; round about this are placed, standing against the wall, two rows of cushions, the first very large, and the next little ones; and here the Turks display their greatest magnificence. They are generally brocade, or embroidery of gold wire upon white sattin—Nothing can look more gay and splendid.—These seats are also so convenient and easy, that

I believe I shall never endure chairs as long as I live.——The rooms are low, which I think no fault, and the ceiling is always of wood, generally inlaid or painted with flowers. They open in many places, with folding-doors, and serve for cabinets, I think more conveniently than ours. Between the windows are little arches to set pots of perfume, or baskets of flowers. But what pleases me best, is the fashion of having marble fountains in the lower part of the room, which throw up several spouts of water, giving, at the same time, an agreeable coolness, and a pleasant dashing sound, falling from one basin to another. Some of these are very magnificent. Each house has a bagnio, which consists generally in two or three little rooms leaded on the top, paved with marble, with basins, cocks of water, and all conveniences for either hot or cold baths.

You will perhaps be surprized at an account so different from what you have been entertained with by the common voyage-writers, who are very fond of speaking of what they don't know. It must be under a very particular character, or on some extraordinary occasion, that a Christian is admitted into the house of a man of quality, and their *Harams* are always forbidden ground. Thus they can only speak of the outside, which makes no great appearance ;
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and the womens apartments are always built backward, removed from sight, and have no other prospect than the gardens; which are inclosed with very high walls. There is none of our parterres in them; but they are planted with high trees, which give an agreeable shade, and, to my fancy, a pleasing view. In the midst of the garden is the *Chiosk*, that is, a large room, commonly beautified with a fine fountain in the midst of it. It is raised nine or ten steps, and enclosed with gilded lattices, round which, vines, jessamines, and honeysuckles, make a sort of green wall. Large trees are planted round this place, which is the scene of their greatest pleasures, and where the ladies spend most of their hours, employed by their music or embroidery.—In the public gardens, there are public *Chiosks*, where people go, that are not so well accommodated at home, and drink their coffee, sherbet, &c. Neither are they ignorant of a more durable manner of building; their Mosques are all of free stone, and the public *Hanns*, or Inns, extremely magnificent, many of them taking up a large square, built round with shops under stone arches, where poor artificers are lodged *gratis*. They have always a Mosque joining to them, and the body of the *Hann* is a most noble hall, capable of holding three or four hundred persons, the court extremely spacious, and

and cloisters round it, that give it the air of our colleges. I own, I think it a more reasonable piece of charity than the founding of convents.—I think I have now told you a great deal for once. If you don't like my choice of subjects, tell me what you would have me write upon ; there is nobody more desirous to entertain you than, dear Mrs. T—,

Yours, &c. &c.

L E T.

LETTER XXXIII.

To the Countess of——.

Adrianoble, April 18, O. S.

I WROTE to you, dear sister, and to all my other English correspondents, by the last ship, and only Heaven can tell when I shall have another opportunity of sending to you; but I cannot forbear to write again, though perhaps my letter may lye upon my hands these two months. To confess the truth, my head is so full of my entertainment yesterday, that 'tis absolutely necessary, for my own repose, to give it some vent. Without farther preface I will then begin my story.

I was invited to dine with the Grand *Vizier's* lady, and it was with a great deal of pleasure I prepared myself for an entertainment, which was never before given to any Christian. I thought I should very little satisfy her curiosity, (which I did not doubt was a considerable motive to the invitation) by going in a dress she was used to see, and therefore dressed myself in the court habit of Vienna, which is
much

much more magnificent than ours. However, I chose to go *incognito*, to avoid any disputes about ceremony, and went in a Turkish coach, only attended by my woman, that held up my train, and the Greek lady, who was my interpreter. I was met, at the court-door, by her black Eunuch, who helped me out of the coach with great respect, and conducted me through several rooms, where her she-slaves, finely dressed, were ranged on each side. In the innermost, I found the lady sitting on her sofa, in a sable vest. She advanced to meet me, and presented me half a dozen of her friends, with great civility. She seemed a very good woman, near fifty years old. I was surprized to observe so little magnificence in her house, the furniture being all very moderate; and except the habits and number of her slaves, nothing about her appeared expensive. She guessed at my thoughts, and told me, she was no longer of an age to spend either her time or money in superfluities; that her whole expence was in charity, and her whole employment praying to God. There was no affectation in this speech; both she and her husband are entirely given up to devotion. He never looks upon any other woman; and what is much more extraordinary, touches no bribes, notwithstanding the example of all his predecessors. He is so scrupulous in this point, he would not accept Mr. W——'s present, till he had been assured

assured over and over, that it was a settled perquisite of his place, at the entrance of every Ambassador. She entertained me with all kind of civility, till dinner came in, which was served, one dish at a time, to a vast number, all finely dressed after their manner, which I don't think so bad as you have perhaps heard it represented. I am a very good judge of their eating, having lived three weeks in the house of an *Effendi* at Belgrade, who gave us very magnificent dinners, dressed by his own cooks. The first week they pleased me extremely ; but, I own, I then begun to grow weary of their table, and desired our own cook might add a dish or two after our manner. But I attribute this to custom, and am very much inclined to believe that an Indian, who had never tasted of either, would prefer their cookery to ours. Their sauces are very high, all the roast very much done. They use a great deal of very rich spice. The soup is served for the last dish ; and they have, at least, as great a variety of ragouts, as we have. I was very sorry I could not eat of as many as the good lady would have had me, who was very earnest in serving me of every thing. The treat concluded with coffee and perfumes, which is a high mark of respect ; two slaves kneeling *consecrated* my hair, cloaths, and handkerchief. After this ceremony, she command-

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ed her slaves to play and dance, which they did with their guitars in their hands; and she excused to me their want of skill, saying she took no care to accomplish them in that art.

I returned her thanks, and soon after took my leave. I was conducted back in the same manner I entered, and would have gone strait to my own house, but the Greek lady, with me, earnestly solicited me to visit the *Kabya's* lady, saying, he was the second officer in the Empire, and ought indeed to be looked upon as the first, the Grand Vizier having only the name, while he exercised the authority. I had found so little diversion in the Vizier's *Haram*, that I had no mind to go into another. But her importunity prevailed with me, and I am extremely glad I was so complaisant. All things here were with quite another air than at the Grand Vizier's; and the very house confessed the difference between an old devotee, and a young beauty. It was nicely clean and magnificent. I was met at the door by two black eunuchs, who led me through a long gallery, between two ranks of beautiful young girls, with their hair finely plaited, almost hanging to their feet, all dressed in fine light damasks, brocaded with silver. I was sorry that decency did not permit me to stop to consider

sider them nearer. But that thought was lost upon my entrance into a large room, or rather pavillion, built round with gilded fashies, which were most of them thrown up, and the trees planted near them gave an agreeable shade, which hindered the sun from being troublesome. The jessamines and honeysuckles that twisted round their trunks, shed a soft perfume, increased by a white marble fountain playing sweet water in the lower part of the room, which fell into three or four basons, with a pleasing sound. The roof was painted with all sorts of flowers, falling out of gilded baskets, that seemed tumbling down. On a sofa, raised three steps, and covered with fine Persian carpets, sat the Kahya's lady, leaning on cushions of white sattin embroidered; and at her feet, sat two young girls about twelve years old, lovely as angels, dressed perfectly rich, and almost covered with jewels. But they were hardly seen near the fair *Fatima*, (for that is her name) so much her beauty effaced every thing I have seen, nay, all that has been called lovely either in England or Germany. I must own, that I never saw any thing so gloriously beautiful, nor can I recollect a face that would have been taken notice of near her's. She stood up to receive me, saluting me, after their fashion, putting her hand to her heart, with a sweetness full of majesty, that no court breeding could

ever give. She ordered cushions to be given me, and took care to place me in the corner, which is the place of honour. I confess, though the Greek lady had before given me a great opinion of her beauty, I was so struck with admiration, that I could not, for some time, speak to her, being wholly taken up in gazing. That surprizing harmony of features ! That charming result of the whole ! That exact proportion of body ! That lovely bloom of complexion unsullied by art ! The unutterable enchantment of her smile !——But her eyes !——Large and black, with all the soft languishment of the blue ! every turn of her face discovering some new grace.

After my first surprise was over, I endeavoured, by nicely examining her face, to find out some imperfection, without any fruit of my search, but my being clearly convinced of the error of that vulgar notion, that a face exactly proportioned, and perfectly beautiful, would not be agreeable ; nature having done for her, with more success, what *Apelles* is said to have essayed by a collection of the most exact features to form a perfect face. Add to all this, a behaviour so full of grace and sweetness, such easy motions with an air so majestic, yet free from stiffness or affectation, that I am persuaded, could she be suddenly transported
upon

upon the most polite throne of Europe, no body would think her other than born and bred to be a Queen, though educated in a country we call barbarous. To say all in a word, our most celebrated English beauties would vanish near her.

She was dressed in a *Casian* of gold brocade, flowered with silver, very well fitted to her shape, and shewing to advantage the beauty of her bosom, only shaded by the thin gauze of her shift. Her drawers were pale pink, her waistcoat green and silver, her slippers white sattin finely embroidered; her lovely arms adorned with bracelets of diamonds, and her broad girdle set round with diamonds; upon her head a rich Turkish handkerchief of pink and silver, her own fine black hair hanging a great length, in various tresses, and on one side of her head some bodkins of jewels. I am afraid you will accuse me of extravagance in this description. I think I have read somewhere, that women always speak in rapture, when they speak of beauty, and I cannot imagine why they should not be allowed to do so. I rather think it a virtue to be able to admire without any mixture of desire or envy. The gravest writers have spoke with great warmth of some celebrated pictures and statues. The workmanship of Heaven, certainly excels all our weak imitations,

tions, and I think has a much better claim to our praise. For my part, I am not ashamed to own, I took more pleasure in looking on the beauteous *Fatima*, than the finest piece of sculpture could have given me. She told me the two girls at her feet were her daughters, though she appeared too young to be their mother. Her fair maids were ranged below the sofa, to the number of twenty, and put me in mind of the pictures of the antient nymphs. I did not think all nature could have furnished such a scene of beauty. She made them a sign to play and dance. Four of them immediately begun to play some soft airs on instruments, between a lute and a guitar, which they accompanied with their voices, while the others danced by turns. This dance was very different from what I had seen before. Nothing could be more artful, or more proper to raise *certain ideas*. The tunes so soft!—The motions so languishing!—Accompanied with pauses and dying eyes! half-falling back, and then recovering themselves in so artful a manner, that I am very positive, the coldest and most rigid prude upon earth, could not have looked upon them without thinking of *something not to be spoke of*.—I suppose you may have read that the Turks have no music, but what is shocking to the ears; but this account is from those who never heard any but what is played
in

in the streets, and is just as reasonable, as if a foreigner should take his ideas of English music, from the *bladder* and *string*, or the *marrowbones* and *cleavers*. I can assure you, that the music is extremely pathetic ; 'tis true, I am inclined to prefer the Italian, but perhaps I am partial. I am acquainted with a Greek lady, who sings better than Mrs. *Robinson*, and is very well skilled in both, who gives the preference to the Turkish. 'Tis certain they have very fine natural voices, these were very agreeable. When the dance was over, four fair slaves came into the room, with silver censors in their hands, and perfumed the air with amber, aloes-wood, and other scents. After this, they served me coffee upon their knees, in the finest japan china, with *soucups* of silver gilt. The lovely *Fatima* entertained me, all this while, in the most polite agreeable manner, calling me often *Uzelle Sultanam*, or the Beautiful Sultana, and desiring my friendship with the best grace in the world, lamenting that she could not entertain me in my own language.

When I took my leave, two maids brought in a fine silver basket of embroidered handkerchiefs ; she beg'd I would wear the richest for her sake, and gave the others to my woman and interpreters.—I retired, thro' the same ceremonies as before, and could not help

help thinking, I had been some time in Ma-
homer's paradise, so much I was charmed
with what I had seen. I know not how
the relation of it appears to you. I wish
it may give you part of my pleasure ; for I
would have my dear sister share in all the
diversions of,

Yours, &c. &c.

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L E T T E R XXXIV.

To the Abbot——.

Adrianople, May 17, O. S.

I AM going to leave Adrianople, and I would not do it, without giving you some account of all that is curious in it, which I have taken a great deal of pains to see. I will not trouble you with wise dissertations, whether or no this is the same city that was antiently called *Orestes* or *Oreste*, which you know better than I do. It is now called from the Emperor *Adrian*, and was the first European seat of the Turkish Empire, and has been the favourite residence of many Sultans. MAHOMET the fourth, and MUSTAPHA, the brother of the reigning Emperor, were so fond of it, that they wholly abandoned Constantinople, which humour so far exasperated the Janizaries, that it was a considerable motive to the rebellions that deposed them. Yet this man seems to love to keep his court here. I can give you no reason for this partiality. 'Tis true, the situation is fine, and the country all round very beautiful ; but
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the air is extremely bad, and the Seraglio itself, is not free from the ill effect of it. The town is said to be eight miles in compass, I suppose they reckon in the gardens. There are some good houses in it, I mean large ones; for the architecture of their palaces never makes any great shew. It is now very full of people; but they are, most of them, such as follow the court, or camp, and when they are removed, I am told 'tis no populous city. The river *Maritza* (antiently the *Hebrus*) on which it is situated, is dried up every summer, which contributes very much to make it unwholesome. It is now a very pleasant stream. There are two noble bridges built over it. I had the curiosity to go to see the Exchange in my Turkish dress, which is disguise sufficient. Yet I own, I was not very easy when I saw it crowded with Janizaries; but they dare not be rude to a woman, and made way for me with as much respect, as if I had been in my own figure. It is half a mile in length, the roof arched, and kept extremely neat. It holds three hundred and sixty-five shops, furnished with all sorts of rich goods, exposed to sale in the same manner as at the New Exchange in London. But the pavement is kept much neater, and the shops are all so clean, they seem just new painted——Idle people of all sorts walk here for their diversion, or amuse themselves with drinking coffee or sherbet, which is cried about as oranges
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and sweet-meats. are in our playhouses. I observed most of the rich tradesmen were Jews. That people are in incredible power in this country. They have many privileges above all the natural Turks themselves, and have formed a very considerable commonwealth here, being judged by their own laws. They have drawn the whole trade of the Empire into their hands, partly by the firm union amongst themselves, and partly by the idle temper and want of industry in the Turks. Every Bassa has his Jew, who is his "*homme d'affaires*;" he is let into all his secrets, and does all his business. No bargain is made, no bribe received, no merchandise disposed of, but what passes through their hands. They are the physicians, the stewards, and the interpreters of all the great men. You may judge how advantageous this is to a people who never fail to make use of the smallest advantages. They have found the secret of making themselves so necessary, that they are certain of the protection of the court, whatever ministry is in power. Even the English, French, and Italian merchants, who are sensible of their artifices, are, however, forced to trust their affairs to their negotiation, nothing of trade being managed without them, and the meanest amongst them being too important to be disobliged, since the whole body take care of his interests with as much vigour as they would those of the most considerable

considerable of their members. They are many of them vastly rich, but they take care to make little public shew of it; though they live in their houses in the utmost luxury and magnificence. This copious subject has drawn me from my description of the exchange, founded by *Ali Bassa*, whose name it bears. Near it is the *Sherfski*, a street of a mile in length, full of shops of all kind of fine merchandise, but excessive dear, nothing being made here. It is covered on the top with boards to keep out the rain, that merchants may meet conveniently in all weathers. The *Besuten* near it, is another exchange, built upon pillars, where all sorts of horse furniture is sold. Glittering every where with gold, rich embroidery and jewels; it makes a very agreeable shew. From this place I went, in my Turkish coach, to the camp, which is to move in a few days to the frontiers. The Sultan is already gone to his tents, and all his court; the appearance of them is, indeed, very magnificent. Those of the great men are rather like palaces than tents, taking up a great compass of ground, and being divided into a vast number of apartments. They are all of green, and the *Bassa's of three Tails*, have those ensigns of their power placed in a very conspicuous manner before their tents, which are adorned, on the top, with gilded balls, more or less, according to their different ranks. The ladies go in coaches to see the camp, as eagerly as ours did
to

to that of *Hyde-Park* ; but 'tis very easy to observe, that the soldiers do not begin the campaign with any great chearfulness. The war is a general grievance upon the people, but particularly hard upon the tradesmen, now that the Grand Signior is resolved to lead his army in person. Every company of them is obliged, upon this occasion, to make a present according to their ability.

I took the pains of rising at six in the morning to see the ceremony, which did not however begin till eight. The Grand Signior was at the Seraglio window, to see the procession, which passed through the principal streets. It was preceded by an *Effendi*, mounted on a camel, richly furnished, reading aloud the *Alcoran*, finely bound, laid upon a cushion. He was surrounded by a parcel of boys, in white, singing some verses of it, followed by a man dressed in green boughs, representing a clean husbandman sowing seed. After him several reapers with garlands of ears of corn, as *Ceres* is pictured, with scythes in their hands seeming to mow. Then a little machine drawn by oxen, in which was a wind-mill, and boys employed in grinding corn, followed by another machine drawn by buffalos carrying an oven, and two more boys, one employed in kneading the bread, and another in drawing it out of the oven. These boys threw little cakes on both sides amongst the crowd, and were followed by

the whole company of bakers, marching on foot, two by two, in their best cloaths, with cakes, loaves, pasties, and pies of all sorts on their heads, and after them two buffoons, or jack-puddings, with their faces and cloaths smeared with meal, who diverted the mob with their antic gestures. In the same manner followed all the companies of trade in the Empire; the nobler sort, such as jewellers, mercers, &c. finely mounted, and many of the pageants that represent their trades perfectly magnificent; amongst which that of the Furriers made one of the best figures, being a very large machine set round with the skins of ermins, foxes, &c. so well stuffed, that the animals seemed to be alive, and followed by music and dancers. I believe they were, upon the whole, twenty thousand men, all ready to follow his Highness if he commanded them. The rear was closed by the volunteers, who came to beg the honour of dying in his service. This part of the shew seemed to me so barbarous, that I removed from the window upon the first appearance of it. They were all naked to the middle. Some had their arms pierced thorough with arrows left sticking in them. Others had them sticking in their heads, the blood trickling down their faces. Some flashed their arms with sharp knives, making the blood spring out upon those that stood there; and this is looked upon as an expression of their zeal for glory. I am told,

told, that some make use of it to advance their love ; and when they are near the window, where their mistress stands (all the women in town being veiled to see this spectacle) they stick another arrow for her sake, who gives some sign of approbation and encouragement to this gallantry. The whole shew lasted for near eight hours, to my great sorrow, who was heartily tired, though, I was in the house of the widow of the *Captain Bassa* (Admiral) who refreshed me with coffee, sweetmeats, sherbet, &c. with all possible civility.

I went two days after, to see the Mosque of Sultan *Selim* I. which is a building very well worth the curiosity of a traveller. I was dressed in my Turkish habit, and admitted without scruple ; though I believe they guessed who I was, by the extreme officiousness of the door-keeper, to shew me every part of it. It is situated very advantageously in the midst of the city, and in the highest part of it, making a very noble show. The first court has four gates, and the innermost three. They are both of them surrounded with cloisters, with marble pillars of the Ionic order, finely polished, and of very lively colours ; the whole pavement is of white marble, and the roof of the cloisters divided into several cupolas or domes, headed with gilt balls on the top. In the midst of each court are fine fountains of white marble ;

and before the great gate of the Mosque, a portico with green marble pillars, which has five gates, the body of the Mosque being one prodigious dome. I understand so little of architecture, I dare not pretend to speak of the proportions. It seemed to be very regular ; this I am sure of, it is vastly high, and I thought it the noblest building I ever saw. It has two rows of marble galleries on pillars, with marble balustrades ; the pavement is also marble covered with Persian carpets. In my opinion, it is a great addition to its beauty, that it is not divided into pews, and encumbered with forms and benches like our churches ; nor the pillars (which are most of them red and white marble) disfigured by the little tawdry images, and pictures, that give Roman Catholic churches the air of toy-shops. The walls seemed to me inlaid, with such very lively colours, in small flowers, that I could not imagine what stones had been made use of. But going nearer, I saw they were crusted with Japan china, which has a very beautiful effect. In the midst hung a vast lamp of silver gilt ; besides which, I do verily believe, there were at least two thousand of a lesser size. This must look very glorious when they are all lighted ; but being at night, no women are suffered to enter. Under the large lamp is a great pulpit of carved wood gilt, and just by, a fountain to wash, which you know is an essential part of their devotion. In

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one corner is a little gallery enclosed with gilded lattices for the Grand Signior. At the upper end a large *Niche*, very like an altar, raised two steps, covered with gold brocade, and standing before it two silver gilt candlesticks, the height of a man, and in them white wax candles, as thick as a man's waist. The outside of the Mosque is adorned with towers vastly high, gilt on the top, from whence the *Imaums* call the people to prayers. I had the curiosity to go up one of them, which is contrived so artfully, as to give surprize to all that see it. There is but one door, which leads to three different stair cases, going to the three different stories of the tower, in such a manner, that three priests may ascend, rounding, without ever meeting each other; a contrivance very much admired. Behind the Mosque, is an Exchange full of shops, where poor artificers are lodged gratis. I saw several Dervises at their prayers here. They are dressed in a plain piece of woollen, with their arms bare, and a woollen cap on their heads, like a high crowned hat without brims. I went to see some other Mosques, built much after the same manner, but not comparable, in point of magnificence, to this I have described, which is infinitely beyond any church in Germany or England; I won't talk of other countries I have not seen. The Seraglio does not seem a very magnificent palace. But the gardens are very large, plentifully supplied with
water,

water, and full of trees; which is all I know of them, having never been in them.

I tell you nothing of the order of Mr. W——'s entry, and his audience. These things are always the same, and have been so often described, I won't trouble you with the repetition. The young Prince, about eleven years old, sits near his father, when he gives audience; he is a handsome boy, but, probably, will not immediately succeed the Sultan, there being two sons of Sultan MUSTAPHA (his eldest brother) remaining; the eldest about twenty years old, on whom the hopes of the people are fixed. This reign has been bloody and avaritious. I am apt to believe they are very impatient to see the end of it. I am, Sir,

Yours, &c. &c.

P. S. I will write to you again from Constantinople.

LET-

LETTER XXXV.

To the Abbot———

Constantinople, May 29, O. S.

I HAVE had the advantage of very fine weather all my journey, and as the summer is now in its beauty, I enjoyed the pleasure of fine prospects ; and the meadows being full of all sorts of garden flowers, and sweet herbs, my berlin perfumed the air as it pressed them. The Grand Signior furnished us with thirty covered waggons for our baggage, and five coaches of the country for my women. We found the road full of the great *Spahis* and their equipages coming out of Asia to the war. They always travel with tents ; but I chose to lie in houses all the way. I will not trouble you with the names of the villages we passed, in which there was nothing remarkable, but at *Ciorlci*, where there was a *Conac*, or little *Seraglio*, built for the use of the Grand Signior, when he goes this road. I had the curiosity to view all the apartments destined for the ladies of his court. They were in the midst of a thick grove of trees, made fresh by fountains ; but I was most surprized to see the walls almost covered with little distichs of Turkish verse,

writ

writ with pencils. I made my interpreter explain them to me, and I found several of them very well turned ; tho' I easily believed him, that they had lost much of their beauty in the translation. One was literally thus in English :

We come into this world ; we lodge, and we depart ;

He never goes, that's lodg'd within my heart.

The rest of our journey was through fine painted meadows, by the side of the sea of *Marmora*, the antient Propontis. We lay the next night at *Selivrea*, antiently a noble town. It is now a good sea port, and neatly built enough, and has a bridge of thirty-two arches. Here is a famous antient Greek church. I had given one of my coaches to a Greek lady, who desired the conveniency of travelling with me ; she designed to pay her devotions, and I was glad of the opportunity of going with her. I found it an ill built edifice, set out with the same sort of ornaments, but less rich, as the Roman Catholic churches. They shewed me a saint's body, where I threw a piece of money ; and a picture of the Virgin Mary, drawn by the hand of St. LUKE, very little to the credit of his painting ; but, however, the finest Madonna of Italy, is not more famous for her miracles. The Greeks have a monstrous taste in their pictures, which, for more finery, are always

always drawn upon a gold ground. You may imagine what a good air this has ; but they have no notion either of shade or proportion. They have a bishop here, who officiated in his purple robe, and sent me a candle almost as big as myself for a present, when I was at my lodging. We lay that night at a town called *Bujuk Cekmege*, or Great Bridge ; and the night following, at *Kujuk Cekmege*, or Little Bridge, in a very pleasant lodging. formerly a monastery of Dervises, having before it a large court, encompassed with marble cloisters, with a good fountain in the middle.

The prospect from this place, and the gardens round it, is the most agreeable I have seen ; and shews, that monks of all religions know how to chuse their retirements. 'Tis now belonging to a *Hogia*, or Schoolmaster, who teaches boys here. I asked him to shew me his own apartment, and was surprized to see him point to a tall cypress tree in the garden, on the top of which was a place for a bed for himself, and a little lower one for his wife and two children, who slept there every night. I was so much diverted with the fancy, I resolved to examine his nest nearer ; but after going up fifty steps, I found I had still fifty to go up, and then I must climb from branch to branch, with some hazard of my neck. I thought it therefore the best way to come down again.

We arrived the next day at Constantinople ;
but

but I can yet tell you very little of it, all my time having been taken up with receiving visits, which are, at least, a very good entertainment to the eyes, the young women being all beauties, and their beauty highly improved by the high taste of their dress. Our palace is in *Pera*, which is no more a suburb of Constantinople, than Westminster is a suburb to London. All the Ambassadors are lodged very near each other. One part of our house shews us the Port, the City, and the Seraglio, and the distant hills of Asia, perhaps, all together, the most beautiful prospect in the world.

A certain French author says, *Constantinople* is twice as big as *Paris*. Mr. W——y is unwilling to own 'tis bigger than London, though I confess it appears to me to be so ; but I don't believe 'tis so populous. The burying fields about it are certainly much larger than the whole city. 'Tis surprizing what a vast deal of land is lost this way in Turkey. Sometimes I have seen burying places of several miles, belonging to very inconsiderable villages, which were formerly great towns, and retain no other mark of their antient grandeur, than this dismal one. On no occasion do they ever remove a stone that serves for a monument. Some of them are costly enough, being of very fine marble. They set up a pillar with a carved turban on the top of it, to the memory of a man ;
and

and as the turbants, by their different shapes, shew the quality or profession, 'tis in a manner putting up the arms of the deceased. Besides, the pillar commonly bears an inscription in gold letters. The ladies have a simple pillar, without other ornament, except those that die unmarried, who have a rose on the top of their monument. The sepulchres of particular families are railed in, and planted round with trees. Those of the Sultans, and some great men, have lamps constantly burning in them.

When I spoke of their religion, I forgot to mention two particularities, one of which I had read of, but it seemed so odd to me, I could not believe it; yet 'tis certainly true; that when a man has divorced his wife, in the most solemn manner, he can take her again upon no other terms, than permitting another man to pass a night with her; and there are some examples of those, who have submitted to this law, rather than not have back their beloved. The other point of doctrine is very extraordinary. Any woman that dies unmarried, is looked upon to die in a state of reprobation. To confirm this belief, they reason, that the end of the creation of woman, is to encrease and multiply, and that she is only properly employed in the works of her calling, when she is bringing forth children, or taking care of them, which are all the virtues that God expects from her. And indeed,

deed, their way of life, which shuts them out of all public commerce, does not permit them any other. Our vulgar notion, that they don't own women to have any souls, is a mistake. 'Tis true they say, they are not of so elevated a kind, and therefore must not hope to be admitted into the Paradise appointed for the men, who are to be entertained by celestial beauties. But there is a place of happiness destined for souls of the inferior order, where all good women are to be in eternal bliss. Many of them are very superstitious, and will not remain widows ten days, for fear of dying in the reprobate state of a useless creature. But those, that like their liberty, and are not slaves to their religion, content themselves with marrying when they are afraid of dying. This is a piece of theology, very different from that, which teaches nothing to be more acceptable to God, than a vow of perpetual virginity : which divinity is most rational, I leave you to determine.

I have already made some progress in a collection of Greek medals. Here are several professed antiquaries, who are ready to serve any body that desires them. But you cannot imagine how they stare in my face, when I enquire about them, as if no body was permitted to seek after medals, till they were grown a piece of antiquity themselves. I have got some very valuable ones of the Macedonian
Kings,

Kings, particularly one of PERSEUS, so lively, I fancy I can see all his ill qualities in his face. I have a Porphyry head finely cut, of the true Greek sculpture; but who it represents, is to be guessed at by the learned when I return. For you are not to suppose these antiquaries (who are all Greeks) know any thing. Their trade is only to sell; they have correspondents at Aleppo, Grand Cairo, in Arabia and Palestine, who send them all they can find, and very often great heaps, that are only fit to melt into pans and kettles. They get the best price they can for any of them, without knowing those that are valuable, from those that are not. Those that pretend to skill, generally find out the image of some Saint in the medals of the Greek cities. One of them, shewing me the figure of a Pallas, with a victory in her hand on a reverse, assured me that it was the Virgin holding a crucifix. The same man offered me the head of a Socrates, on a Sardonix; and to enhance the value, gave him the title of Saint Augustine. I have bespoke a mummy, which, I hope, will come safe to my hands, notwithstanding the misfortune that befel a very fine one, designed for the King of Sweden. He gave a great price for it, and the Turks took in into their heads, that he must have some considerable project depending upon it. They fancied it the body of God knows who, and that the state of their

Empire myſſically depended on the conſervation of it. Some old prophecies were remembered upon this occaſion, and the mummy committed priſoner to the Seven Towers, where it has remained under cloſe confinement ever ſince. I dare not try my intereſt in ſo conſiderable a point, as the releaſe of it; but I hope mine will paſs without examination. I can tell you nothing more at preſent of this famous city. When I have looked a little about me, you ſhall hear from me again. I am, Sir,

Yours, &c. &c.

L E T T E R XXXVI.

To Mr. Pope.

Belgrade-Village, June 17, O S.

I HOPE, before this time, you have received two or three of my letters. I had yours but yesterday, though dated the third of February, in which you suppose me to be dead and buried. I have already let you know that I am still alive ; but to say truth, I look upon my present circumstances to be exactly the same with those of departed spirits. The heats of Constantinople have driven me to this place, which perfectly answers the description of the Elysian fields. I am in the middle of a wood, consisting chiefly of fruit trees, watered by a vast number of fountains, famous for the excellency of their water, and divided into many shady walks, upon short grass, that seems to me artificial ; but, I am assured, is the pure work of nature—within view of the Black-sea, from whence we perpetually enjoy the refreshment of cool breezes, that make us insensible of the heat of the summer. The village is only inhabited by the richest amongst the Christians, who meet every night at a fountain, forty paces from my house, to sing and dance.

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The

The beauty and dress of the women, exactly resemble the ideas of the antient nymphs, as they are given us by the representations of the poets and painters. But what persuades me more fully of my decease, is the situation of my own mind, the profound ignorance I am in, of what passes among the living (which only comes to me by chance) and the great calmness with which I receive it. Yet I have still a hankering after my friends and acquaintances left in the world, according to the authority of that admirable author,

*That spirits departed are wonderous kind
To friends and relations left behind,
Which no body can deny.*

Of which solemn truth I am a *dead* instance. I think *Virgil* is of the same opinion, that in human souls there will still be some remains of human passions ;

— *Curæ non ipsæ in morte relinquunt.*

And 'tis very necessary to make a perfect Elysium, that there should be a river *Lethe*, which I am not so happy as to find. To say truth, I am sometimes very weary of the singing and dancing, and sunshine, and wish for the smoke and impertinencies in which you toil ;

toil ; though I endeavour to persuade myself that I live in a more agreeable variety than you do ; and that *Monday*, setting of partridges ; *Tuesday*, reading English ; *Wednesday*, studying in the Turkish language, (in which, by the way, I am already very learned ;) *Thursday*, classical authors ; *Friday*, spent in writing ; *Saturday*, at my needle ; and *Sunday*, admitting of visits and hearing of music, is a better way of disposing of the week, than, *Monday* at the drawing-room ; *Tuesday*, Lady Mohun's ; *Wednesday*, at the opera ; *Thursday*, the play ; *Friday*, Mrs. Chetwynd's, &c. a perpetual round of hearing the same scandal, and seeing the same follies acted over and over, which here affect me no more than they do other dead people. I can now hear of displeasing things with pity and without indignation. The reflection on the great gulph between you and me, cools all news that come hither. I can neither be sensibly touched with joy or grief, when I consider that, possibly, the cause of either is removed, before the letter comes to my hands. But (as I said before) this indolence does not extend to my few friendships ; I am still warmly sensible of yours and Mr. *Congreve's*, and desire to live in your remembrance, though dead to all the world beside.

I am, &c. &c.

L E T T E R XXXVII.

To the Lady ———.

Belgrade-Village, June 17, O. S.

I HEARTILY beg your ladyship's pardon; but I really could not forbear laughing heartily at your letter, and the commissions you are pleased to honour me with. You desire me to buy you a Greek slave, who is to be mistress of a thousand good qualities. The Greeks are *subjects* and not *slaves*. Those who are to be bought in that manner, are either such as are taken in war, or stolen by the Tartars, from Russia, Circassia or Georgia, and are such miserable awkward poor wretches, you would not think any of them worthy to be your house maids. 'Tis true, that many thousands were taken in the *Morea*; but they have been, most of them, redeemed by the charitable contributions of the Christians, or ransomed by their own relations at Venice. The fine slaves, that wait upon the great ladies, or serve the pleasures of the great men, are all bought at the age of eight or nine years old, and educated with great care to accomplish them in singing, dancing, embroidery, &c. they are commonly *Circassians*, and their patron never sells them,

them, except it is as a punishment for some very great fault. If ever they grow weary of them, they either present them to a friend, or give them their freedom. Those that are exposed to sale at the markets, are always either guilty of some crime, or so entirely worthless, that they are of no use at all. I am afraid you will doubt the truth of this account, which, I own, is very different from our common notions in England; but it is no less truth for all that.——Your whole letter is full of mistakes from one end to the other. I see you have taken your ideas of Turkey from that worthy author *Dumont*, who has writ with equal ignorance and confidence. 'Tis a particular pleasure to me here, to read the voyages to the Levant, which are generally so far removed from truth, and so full of absurdities, I am very well diverted with them. They never fail giving you an account of the women, whom 'tis certain they never saw, and talking very wisely of the genius of the men, into whose company they are never admitted; and very often describe *Mosques*, which they dared not even peep into. The Turks are very proud, and will not converse with a stranger they are not assured is considerable in his own country. I speak of the men of distinction; for, as to the ordinary fellows, you may imagine what ideas their conversation can give of the general genius of the people.

As

As to the Balm of *Mecca*, I will certainly send you some; but it is not so easily got as you suppose it, and I cannot in conscience advise you to make use of it. I know not how it comes to have such universal applause. All the ladies of my acquaintance at London and Vienna, have begged me to send pots of it to them. I have had a present of a small quantity (which I'll assure you is very valuable) of the best sort, and with great joy applied it to my face, expecting some wonderful effect to my advantage. The next morning the change, indeed, was wonderful; my face was swelled to a very extraordinary size, and all over as red as my Lady H——'s. It remained in this lamentable state three days; during which you may be sure I passed my time very ill. I believed it would never be otherwise; and to add to my mortification, Mr. W——y reproached my indiscretion without ceasing. However, my face is since in *statu quo*; nay I am told by the ladies here, that 'tis much mended by the operation, which I confess I cannot perceive in my looking-glass. Indeed, if one was to form an opinion of this balm from their faces, one should think very well of it. They all make use of it, and have the loveliest bloom in the world. For my part, I never intend to endure the pain of it again; let my complexion take its natural course, and decay in its own due time. I have very little esteem for medicines of this

this nature ; but do as you please, Madam ; *only* remember, before you use it, that your face will not be such as you will care to shew in the drawing room for some days after. If one was to believe the women in this country, there is a surer way of making one's self beloved, than by becoming handsome, though you know that's our method. But they pretend to the knowledge of secrets, that, by way of enchantment, give them the entire empire over whom they please. For me, who am not very apt to believe in wonders, I cannot find faith for this. I disputed the point last night with a lady, who really talks very sensibly on any other subject ; but she was downright angry with me, in that she did not perceive she had persuaded me of the truth of forty stories she told me of this kind ; and, at last, mentioned several ridiculous marriages, that there could be no other reason assigned for. - I assured her, that in England, where we were entirely ignorant of all magic, where the climate is not half so warm, nor the women half so handsome, we were not without our ridiculous marriages ; and that we did not look upon it, as any thing supernatural, when a man played the fool for the sake of a woman. But my arguments could not convince her against (as she said) her certain knowledge. To this she added, that she scrupled making use of *charms* herself ; but that she could do it whenever she pleased ; and staring me in my face, said,

said, (with a very learned air) that no enchantments would have their effects upon me, and that there were some people exempt from their power, but very few. You may imagine how I laughed at this discourse: but all the women are of the same opinion. They don't pretend to any commerce with the devil, but only that there are certain compositions adapted to inspire love. If one could send over a ship-load of them, I fancy it would be a very quick way of raising an estate. What would not some ladies of our acquaintance give for such merchandise? Adieu, my dear lady — I cannot conclude my letter with a subject that affords more delightful scenes to the imagination. I leave you to figure to yourself, the extreme court that will be made to me, at my return, if my travels should furnish me with such a useful piece of learning. I am, dear Madam,

Your, &c. &c.

L E T T E R XXXVIII.

To Mrs. T ———.

Pera of Constantinople, Jan. 4. O. S.

I AM infinitely obliged to you, dear Mrs. T ———, for your entertaining letter. You are the only one of my correspondents that have judged right enough, to think I would gladly be informed of the news amongst you. All the rest of them tell me (almost in the same words) that they suppose I know every thing. Why they are pleased to suppose in this manner, I can guess no reason, except they are persuaded that the breed of *Mahomet's* pigeon still subsists in this country, and that I receive supernatural intelligence. I wish I could return your goodness with some diverting accounts from hence. But I know not what part of the scenes here would gratify your curiosity, or whether upon have any curiosity at all, for things so far distant. To say the truth, I am, at this present writing, not very much turned for the recollection of what is diverting, my head being wholly filled with the preparations necessary for the encrease of my family, which I expect every day. You may easily guess at my uneasy situation. But I am, however, comforted in some degree, by the
glory

glory that accrues to me from it, and a reflection on the contempt I should otherwise fall under. You won't know what to make of this speech ; but, in this country, 'tis more despicable to be married and not fruitful, than 'tis with us to be fruitful before marriage. They have a notion, that whenever a woman leaves off bringing forth children, 'tis because she is too old for that business, whatever her face says to the contrary. This opinion makes the ladies here so ready to make proofs of their youth, (which is as necessary in order to be a *received beauty*, as it is to shew the proofs of nobility, to be admitted *Knights of Malta*) that they do not content themselves with using the natural means, but fly to all sorts of quackeries to avoid the scandal of being past child-bearing, and often kill themselves by them. Without any exaggeration, all the women of my acquaintance have twelve or thirteen children ; and the old ones boast of having had five and twenty or thirty a piece, and are respected according to the number they have produced. — When they are with child, 'tis their common expression to say, *They hope God will be so merciful as to send them two this time* ; and when I have asked them sometimes how they expected to provide for such a flock as they desire ? They answer, that the plague will certainly kill half of them ; which, indeed, generally happens without much concern to

the parents, who are satisfied with the vanity of having brought forth so plentifully. The French Ambassadors is forced to comply with this fashion as well as myself. She has not been here much above a year, and has lain in once, and is big again. What is most wonderful, is, the exemption they seem to enjoy from the curse entailed on the sex. They see all company the day of their delivery, and at the fortnight's end return visits, set out in their jewels and new cloaths. I wish I may find the influence of the climate in this particular. But I fear I shall continue an English woman in that affair, as well as I do in my dread of fire and plague, which are two things very little feared here. Most families have had their houses burnt down once or twice, occasioned by their extraordinary way of warming themselves, which is neither by chimnies nor stoves, but by a certain machine called a *Tendour*, the height of two foot, in the form of a table, covered with a fine carpet or embroidery. This is made only of wood, and they put into it a small quantity of hot ashes, and sit with their legs under the carpet. At this table they work, read, and, very often, sleep; and if they chance to dream, kick down the *Tendour*, and the hot ashes commonly set the house on fire. There were five hundred houses burnt in this manner about a fortnight ago, and I have seen several of the owners since, who seem not at all moved

at so common a misfortune. They put their goods into a *Bark*, and see their houses burn with great philosophy, their persons being very seldom endangered, having no stairs to descend.

But having entertained you with things I don't like, 'tis but just I should tell you something that pleases me. The climate is delightful in the extremest degree. I am now sitting, this present fourth of January, with the windows open, enjoying the warm shine of the Sun, while you are freezing over a sad sea-coal fire; and my chamber is set out with carnations, roses, and jonquils, fresh from my garden. I am also charmed with many points of the Turkish law, to our shame be it spoken, better designed, and better executed than ours; particularly, the punishment of convicted liars (triumphant criminals in our country, God knows :) they are burnt in the forehead with a hot iron, when they are proved the authors of any notorious falsehoods. How many white foreheads should we see disfigured? How many fine gentlemen would be forced to wear their wigs as low as their eye-brows, were this law in practice with us? I should go on to tell you many other parts of justice, but I must send for my midwife.

LET-

L E T T E R XXXIX.

To the Countess of ———.

Pera of Constantinople, March 10, O. S.

I HAVE not written to you, dear sister, these many months—a great piece of self-denial. But I know not where to direct, or what part of the world you are in. I have received no letter from you since that short note of April last, in which you tell me, that you are on the point of leaving England, and promise me a direction for the place you stay in; but I have, in vain, expected it till now, and now I only learn from the Gazette, that you are returned, which induces me to venture this letter to your house at London. I had rather ten of my letters should be lost, than you imagine I don't write; and I think it is hard fortune, if one in ten don't reach you. However, I am resolved to keep the copies, as testimonies of my inclination to give you, to the utmost of my power, all the diverting part of my travels, while you are exempt from all the fatigues and inconveniencies.

In the first place then, I wish you joy of your niece; for I was brought to bed of a

daughter * five weeks ago. I don't mention this as one of my diverting adventures ; though I must own, that it is not half so mortifying here as in England ; there being as much difference, as there is between a little cold in the head, which sometimes happens here, and the consumption coughs so common in London. No body keeps their house a month for lying in ; and I am not so fond of any of our customs, as to retain them when they are not necessary. I returned my visits at three weeks end, and about four days ago crossed the sea, which divides this place from Constantinople, to make a new one, where I had the good fortune to pick up many curiosities. I went to see the Sultana *Hafiten*, favourite of the late Emperor Mustapha, who, you know, (or perhaps you don't know) was deposed by his brother, the reigning Sultan, and died a few weeks after, being poisoned, as it was generally believed. This lady was, immediately after his death, saluted with an absolute order to leave the Seraglio, and choose herself a husband among the great men at the Porte. I suppose you may imagine her overjoyed at this proposal——Quite the contrary,——— These women, who are called and esteem themselves Queens, look upon this liberty, as the greatest disgrace and affront that can happen to them. She

* The present Countess of Bute.

threw

threw herself at the Sultan's feet, and begged him to poignard her, rather than use his brother's widow with that contempt. She represented to him, in agonies of sorrow, that she was privileged from this misfortune, by having brought five princes into the Ottoman family; but all the boys being dead, and only one girl surviving, this excuse was not received, and she was compelled to make her choice. She chose *Bekir Effendi*, then secretary of state, and above four-score years old, to convince the world that she firmly intended to keep the vow she had made, of never suffering a second husband to approach her bed; and since she must honour some subject so far, as to be called his wife, she would chuse him, as a mark of her gratitude, since it was he that had presented her at the age of ten years to her last lord. But she never permitted him to pay her one visit; though it is now fifteen years she has been in his house, where she passes her time in uninterrupted mourning, with a constancy very little known in Christendom, especially in a widow of one and twenty, for she is now but thirty-six. She has no black Eunuchs for her guard, her husband being obliged to respect her as a Queen, and not to enquire, at all, into what is done in her apartment.

I was led into a large room, with a Sofa the whole length of it, adorned with white marble pillars

pillars like a *Ruelle*, covered with pale blue figured velvet, on a silver ground, with cushions of the same, where I was desired to repose till the Sultana appeared, who had contrived this manner of reception to avoid rising up at my entrance, though she made me an inclination of her head, when I rose up to her. I was very glad to observe a lady that had been distinguished by the favour of an Emperor, to whom beauties were, every day, presented from all parts of the world. But she did not seem to me, to have ever been half so beautiful, as the fair *Fatima* I saw at Adrianople; though she had the remains of a fine face, more decayed by sorrow than time. But her dress was something so surprizingly rich, that I cannot forbear describing it to you. She wore a vest called *Dualma*, which differs from a Castan by longer sleeves, and folding over at the bottom. It was of purple cloth, strait to her shape, and thick set, on each side down to her feet and round the sleeves, with pearls of the best water, of the same size as their buttons commonly are. You must not suppose that I mean as large as those of my Lord ———, but about the bigness of a pea; and to these buttons, large loops of diamonds, in the form of those gold loops, so common on birth-days coats. This habit was tied, at the waist, with two large tassels of smaller pearls, and round the arms embroidered with large diamonds. Her shift was fastened,

at

at the bottom, with a great diamond, shaped like a lozenge; her girdle, as broad as the broadest English ribband, entirely covered with diamonds. Round her neck she wore three chains, which reached to her knees; one of large pearl, at the bottom of which hung a fine coloured emerald as big as a turkey-egg; another, consisting of two hundred emeralds, close joined together, of the most lively green, perfectly matched, every one as large as a half crown piece, and as thick as three crown pieces, and another of small emeralds perfectly round. But her ear-rings eclipsed all the rest. They were two diamonds shaped exactly like pears, as large as a big hazle-nut. Round her *Talpoche* she had four strings of pearl — the whitest and most perfect in the world, at least enough to make four neck laces, every one as large as the Duchesse of Marlborough's, and of the same shape, fastened with two roses, consisting of a large ruby for the middle stone, and round them twenty drops of clean diamonds to each. Besides this, her head-dress was covered with bodkins of emeralds and diamonds. She wore large diamond bracelets, and had five rings on her fingers (except Mr. Pitt's) the largest I ever saw in my life. 'Tis for jewellers to compute the value of these things; but according to the common estimation of jewels in our part of the world, her whole dress must be worth a hundred thousand pounds sterling. This I am sure of, that

no

no European Queen has half the quantity, and the Empress's jewels, though very fine, would look very mean near hers. She gave me a dinner of fifty dishes of meat, which (after their fashion) were placed on the table but one at a time, and was extremely tedious. But the magnificence of her table answered very well to that of her dress. The knives were of gold, and the hafts set with diamonds. But the piece of luxury which grieved my eyes, was the table-cloth and napkins, which were all tiffany embroidered with silk and gold, in the finest manner, in natural flowers. It was with the utmost regret that I made use of these costly napkins, which were as finely wrought as the finest handkerchiefs that ever came out of this country. You may be sure, that they were entirely spoiled before dinner was over. The *sherbert* (which is the liquor they drink at meals) was served in china bowls; but the covers and salvers massy gold. After dinner, water was brought in gold basons, and towels of the same kind with the napkins, which I very unwillingly wiped my hands upon, and coffee was served in china with gold *Soucoups* *.

The Sultana seemed in a very good humour, and talked to me with the utmost civility. I did not omit this opportunity of learning all that

* Saucers.

that I possibly could of the *Seraglio*, which is so entirely unknown amongst us. She assured me that the story of the Sultan's *throwing a handkerchief*, is altogether fabulous; and the manner, upon that occasion, no other than this: He sends the *Kysliir Aga*, to signify to the lady the honour he intends her. She is immediately complimented upon it by the others, and led to the bath, where she is perfumed and dressed in the most magnificent and becoming manner. The Emperor precedes his visit by a royal present, and then comes into her apartment: neither is there any such thing as her creeping in at the bed's foot. She said, that the first he made choice of, was always after the first in rank, and not the mother of the eldest son, as other writers would make us believe. Sometimes the Sultan diverts himself in the company of all his ladies, who stand in a circle round him. And she confessed, they were ready to die with envy and jealousy of the *happy she*, that he distinguished by any appearance of preference. But this seemed to me neither better nor worse than the circles in most courts, where the glance of the monarch is watched, and every smile is waited for with impatience, and envied by those who cannot obtain it.

She never mentioned the Sultan without tears in her eyes, yet she seemed very fond of the discourse. "My past happiness, *said she*,
appears

appears a dream to me. Yet I cannot forget that I was beloved by the greatest and most lovely of mankind. I was chosen from all the rest, to make all his campaigns with him; and I would not survive him, if I was not passionately fond of the Princess my daughter. Yet all my tenderness for her was hardly enough to make me preserve my life. When I left him, I passed a whole twelve-month without seeing the light. Time has softened my despair; yet I now pass some days every week in tears, devoted to the memory of my Sultan." There was no affectation in these words. It was easy to see she was in a deep melancholy, though her good humour made her willing to divert me.

She asked me to walk in her garden, and one of her slaves immediately brought her a *Pellice* of rich brocade lined with fables. I waited on her into the garden, which had nothing in it remarkable but the fountains; and from thence, she shewed me all her apartments. In her bed-chamber, her toilet was displayed, consisting of two looking-glasses, the frames covered with pearls, and her night *Talpoche* set with bodkins of jewels, and near it three vests of fine fables, every one of which is at least worth a thousand dollars (two hundred pounds English money). I don't doubt but these rich habits were purposely placed in sight, though they seemed negligently thrown

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on the Sofa. When I took my leave of her, I was complimented with perfumes as at the Grand Vizier's, and presented with a very fine embroidered handkerchief. Her slaves were to the number of thirty, besides ten little ones, the eldest not above seven years old. These were the most beautiful girls I ever saw, all richly dressed; and I observed that the Sultana took a great deal of pleasure in these lovely children, which is a vast expence; for there is not a handsome girl of that age to be bought under a hundred pound sterling. They wore little garlands of flowers, and their own hair braided, which was all their head-dress; but their habits were all of gold stuffs. These served her coffee kneeling; brought water when she washed, &c.—'Tis a great part of the business of the older slaves to take care of these young girls, to learn them to embroider, and to serve them as carefully as if they were children of the family. Now do you imagine I have entertained you, all this while, with a relation that has, at least, received many embellishments from my hand? This, you will say, is but too like the Arabian Tales—These embroidered napkins! and a jewel as large as a turkey's egg?—You forget, dear sister, those very tales were written by an author of this country, and (excepting the enchantments) are a real representation of the manners here. We travellers are in very hard circumstances.

If

If we say nothing but what has been said before us, *we are dull, and we have observed nothing.* If we tell any thing new, we are laughed at as *fabulous and romantic*, not allowing either for the difference of ranks, which afford difference of company, or more curiosity, or the change of customs that happen every twenty years in every country. But the truth is, people judge of travellers, exactly with the same candour, good nature, and impartiality, they judge of their neighbours upon all occasions. For my part, if I live to return amongst you, I am so well acquainted with the morals of all my dear friends and acquaintances, that I am resolved to tell them nothing at all to avoid the imputation (which their charity would certainly incline them to) of my telling too much. But I depend upon your knowing me enough to believe whatever I seriously assert for truth; though I give you leave to be surprized at an account so new to you. But what would you say? if I told, that I have been in a *Haram*, where the winter apartment was wainscotted with inlaid work of mother of pearl, ivory of different colours, and olive wood, exactly like the little boxes you have seen brought out of this country; and in whose rooms designed for summer, the walls are all crusted with Japan china, the roofs gilt, and the floors spread with the finest Persian carpets? Yet there is nothing more true; such is the palace of my lovely friend,

friend, the fair *Fatima*, whom I was acquainted with at *Adrianople*. I went to visit her yesterday ; and, if possible, she appeared to me handsomer than before. She met me at the door of her chamber, and giving me her hand with the best grace in the world ; you christian ladies (said she with a smile, that made her as beautiful as an angel) have the reputation of inconstancy, and I did not expect, whatever goodness you express'd for me at Adrianople, that I should ever see you again. But I am now convinced that I have really the happiness of pleasing you ; and if you knew how I speak of you amongst our ladies, you would be assured that you do me justice in making me your friend. She placed me in the corner of the sofa, and I spent the afternoon in her conversation, with the greatest pleasure in the world.—The Sultana *Hafiten* is, what one would naturally expect to find a Turkish lady, willing to oblige, but not knowing how to go about it ; and 'tis easy to see, in her manner, that she has lived excluded from the world. But *Fatima* has all the politeness and good breeding of a court, with an air that inspires at once, respect and tenderness ; and now that I understand her language, I find her wit as agreeable as her beauty. She is very curious after the manners of other countries, and has not the partiality for her own, so common to little minds. A Greek that I carried with me, who had never seen

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her before (nor could have been admitted now, if she had not been in my train) shew'd that surprize at her beauty and manner, which is unavoidable at the first sight, and said to me in Italian,—" *This is no Turkish lady, she is certainly some Christian.*"—Fatima guessed she spoke of her, and asked what she said. I would not have told her, thinking she would have been no better pleased with the compliment, than one of our court beauties to be told, she had the air of a Turk. But the Greek lady told it to her, and she smiled, saying, *It is not the first time I have heard so; my mother was a Poloneze, taken at the siege of Caminicc; and my father used to rally me, saying, he believed his Christian wife had found some Christian gallant; for that I had not the air of a Turkish girl.*—I assur'd her, that if all the Turkish ladies were like her, it was absolutely necessary to confine them from public view for the repose of mankind; and proceeded to tell her, what a noise such a face as hers would make in London or Paris. *I can't believe you,* replied she agreeably, *if beauty was so much valued in your country, as you say, they would never have suffered you to leave it.*—Perhaps, dear sister, you laugh at my vanity in repeating this compliment, but I only do it, as I think it very well turned, and give it you as an instance of the spirit of her conversation. Her house was magnificently furnished, and very well

well fancied ; her winter rooms being furnish'd with figured velvet on gold grounds, and those for summer, with fine Indian quilting embroidered with gold. The houses of the great Turkish ladies are kept clean with as much nicety as those in Holland. This was situated in a high part of the town ; and from the window of her summer apartment, we had the prospect of the sea, the islands and the Asian mountains.—My letter is insensibly grown so long, I am ashamed of it. This is a very bad symptom. 'Tis well if I don't degenerate into a downright story-teller. It may be our proverb, that *knowledge is no burden*, may be true, as to one's self ; but knowing too much, is very apt to make us troublesome to other people.

I am, &c. &c.

L E T T E R X L.

To the Lady ———.

Pera, March 16, O. S.

I AM extremely pleased, my dear lady, that you have at length found a commission for me, that I can answer without disappointing your expectations; though I must tell you, that it is not so easy as perhaps you think it; and that, if my curiosity had not been more diligent than any other strangers has ever yet been, I must have answered you with an excuse, as I was forced to do, when you desired me to buy you a Greek slave. I have got for you, as you desire, a Turkish love-letter, which I have put into a little box, and ordered the captain of the *Smyrniote* to deliver it to you with this letter. The translation of it is literally as follows: The first piece you should pull out of the purse, is a little Pearl, which is in Turkish called *Ingi*, and must be understood in this manner:

<i>Ingi</i> ,	<i>Sensin Uzellerin gingi</i>
Pearl,	Fairest of the young.

Caremfil, | *Caremfilsen cararen yok*
Clove, | *Conge gulfum timarin yok*
Benseny chok than severim
Senin benden, haberin yok

You are as slender as this clove !

You are an unblown rose !

I have long loved you, and you have
 not known it !

Pul, | *Derdime derman bul*
Jonquil, | *Have pity on my passion !*
Kihât, | *Birlerum sabat sabat*
Paper, | *I faint every hour !*
Ermus, | *Ver bizé bir umut*
Pear, | *Give me some hope.*
Jabun, | *Derdinden oldum zaban*
Soap, | *I am sick with love.*
Chemnr, | *Ben Oliyim fize umur*
Coal, | *May I die, and all my years be*
 yours !
Gul, | *Ben aglarum sen gul*
A rose, | *May you be pleased, and your*
 sorrows mine !

Hafir,

<i>Hasir,</i>	<i>Olim sana yazir</i>
A straw,	Suffer me to be your slave.
<i>Jó hó,</i>	<i>Ustune bulunmaz pabu</i>
Cloth,	Your price is not to be found
<i>Tartfin,</i>	<i>Sen gbel ben chekeim senin bargin</i>
Cinamon,	But my fortune is yours.
<i>Giro,</i>	<i>Efking-ilen oldum ghira</i>
A match,	I burn. I burn ! my flame consumes me.
<i>Sirma,</i>	<i>Uzunu benden a yirma</i>
Goldthread,	Dont turn away your face.
<i>Satch,</i>	<i>Bazmazun tach</i>
Hair,	Crown of my head.
<i>Uzum,</i>	<i>Benim iki Guzun</i>
Grape,	My eyes.
<i>Til,</i>	<i>Ulugorum tez gbel</i>
Gold-wire,	I die——come quickly.

And by way of postscript :

<i>Beber,</i>	<i>Bize bir dogm haber</i>
Pepper,	Send me an answer]

You

You see this letter is all in verse, and I can assure you there is as much fancy shewn in the choice of them, as in the most studied expressions of our letters ; there being, I believe, a million of verses designed for this use. There is no colour, no flower, no weed, no fruit, herb, pebble, or feather, that has not a verse belonging to it ; and you may quarrel, reproach, or send letters of passion, friendship, or civility, or even of news, without ever inking your fingers.

I fancy you are now wondering at my profound learning ; but alas, dear madam, I am almost fallen into the misfortune so common to the ambitious ; while they are employed on distant insignificant conquests abroad, a rebellion starts up at home ; — I am in great danger of losing my English. I find 'tis not half so easy to me to write in it, as it was a twelve-month ago. I am forced to study for expressions, and must leave off all other languages, and try to learn my mother tongue. — Human understanding is as much limited as human power, or human strength. The memory can retain but a certain number of images ; and 'tis as impossible for one human creature to be perfect master of ten different languages, as to have, in perfect subjection, ten different kingdoms, or to fight against
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ten men at a time. I am afraid I shall at last know none as I should do. I live in a place, that very well represents the Tower of Babel ; in Pera they speak *Turkish, Greek, Hebrew, Armenian, Arabic, Persian, Russian, Sclavonian, Walachian, German, Dutch, French, English, Italian, Hungarian* ; and what is worse, there are ten of these languages spoken in my own family. My grooms are *Arabs*, my footmen *French, English, and Germans* ; my nurse an *Armenian* ; my house maids *Russians* ; half a dozen other servants *Greeks* ; my steward an *Italian* ; my Janizaries *Turks* ; so that I live in the perpetual hearing of this medley of sounds, which produces a very extraordinary effect upon the people that are born here ; for they learn all these languages at the same time, and without knowing any of them well enough to write or read in it. There are very few men, women, or even children here, that have not the same compass of words in five or six of them. I know, myself, several infants of three or four years old, that speak *Italian, French, Greek, Turkish, and Russian*, which last they learn of their nurses, who are generally of that country. This seems almost incredible to you, and is, in my mind, one of the most curious things in this country, and takes off very much from the merit of our ladies, who set up for such extraordinary geniuses upon the credit of
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some superficial knowledge of French and Italian.

As I prefer English to all the rest, I am extremely mortified at the daily decay of it in my head, where, I'll assure you (with grief of heart) it is reduced to such a small number of words, I cannot recollect any tolerable phrase to conclude my letter with; and am forced to tell your ladyship very bluntly, that I am,

Your faithful humble servant.

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L E T T E R XLI.

To the Countess of B ———.

A T length I have heard from my dear lady B——, for the first time. I am pertuaded you have had the goodness to write before, but I have had the ill fortune to lose your letters. Since my last, I have staid quietly at Constantinople, a city that I ought in conscience to give your ladyship a right notion of, since I know you can have none but what is partial and mistaken from the writings of travellers. 'Tis certain, there are many people that pass years here in *Pera*, without having ever seen it, and yet they all pretend to describe it. *Pera*, *Tophana*, and *Galata*, wholly inhabited by French Christians (and which, together, make the appearance of a very fine town) are divided from it by the sea, which is not above half so broad as the broadest part of the Thames; but the Christian men are loath to hazard the adventures they sometimes meet with amongst the *Levents* or Seamen (worse monsters than our watermen) and the women must cover their faces to go there, which they have a perfect aversion to do. 'Tis true, they wear veils in *Pera*, but they are such as only serve to shew their beauty to more advantage, and would not
be

be permitted in Constantinople. These reasons deter almost every creature from seeing it; and the French Ambassadors will return to France, I believe, without ever having been there. You'll wonder, Madam, to hear me add, that I have been there very often. The *Asmack*, or Turkish veil, is become not only very easy, but agreeable to me; and if it was not, I would be content to endure some inconveniency to gratify a passion that is become so powerful with me, as curiosity. And indeed, the pleasure of going in a barge to Chelsea, is not comparable to that of rowing upon the canal of the sea here, where, for twenty miles together down the *Bosphorus*, the most beautiful variety of prospects present themselves. The Asian side is covered with fruit trees, villages; and the most delightful landscapes in nature; on the European, stands Constantinople, situated on seven hills.—The unequal heights make it seem as large again as it is (tho' one of the largest cities in the world) shewing an agreeable mixture of gardens, pine and cypress trees, palaces, mosques, and public buildings, raised one above another, with as much beauty and appearance of symmetry as your ladyship ever saw in a cabinet adorned by the most skilful hands, where jars shew themselves above jars, mixed with canisters, babies, and candlesticks. This is a very odd comparison; but it gives me an exact idea of the thing. I have taken care

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to see as much of the Seraglio as is to be seen. It is on a point of land running into the sea; a palace of prodigious extent, but very irregular. The gardens take in a large compas. of ground, full of high cypress trees, which is all I know of them. The buildings are all of white stone, headed on top, with gilded turrets and spires, which look very magnificent; and indeed, I believe there is no Christian King's palace half so large. There are six large courts in it, all built round and set with trees, having galleries of stone; one of those for the guard, another for the slaves, another for the officers of the kitchen, another for the stables, the fifth for the Divan, and the sixth for the apartment destined for audiences. On the ladies side there are at least as many more, with distinct courts belonging to their eunuchs and attendants, their kitchens, &c.

The next remarkable structure is that of St. *Sophia*, which 'tis very difficult to see. I was forced to send three times to the *Caimairam*, (the Governor of the Town) and he assembled the chief *Effendi*'s or heads of the law, and enquired of the *Mufti*, whether it was lawful to permit it. They passed some days in this important debate; but, I insisting on my request, permission was granted. I can't be informed why the Turks are more delicate on the subject of this Mosque, than on any of the others, where

where what Christian pleases may enter without scruple. I fancy they imagine that having been once consecrated, people, on pretence of curiosity, might prophane it with prayers, particularly to those Saints, who are still very visible in Mosaic work, and no other way defaced but by the decays of time; for it is absolutely false, tho' so universally asserted, that the Turks defaced all the images that they found in the city. The dome of St. *Sophia* is said to be one hundred and thirteen foot diameter, built upon arches, sustained by vast pillars of marble, the pavement and stair-case marble. There are two rows of galleries supported with pillars of parti-coloured marble, and the whole roof mosaic work, part of which decays very fast, and drops down. They presented me a handful of it; the composition seems to me a sort of glass, or that paste with which they make counterfeit jewels. They shew here the tomb of the Emperor *Constantine*, for which they have a great veneration.

This is a dull imperfect description of this celebrated building; but I understand architecture so little, that I am afraid of talking nonsense in endeavouring to speak of it particularly. Perhaps I am in the wrong, but some Turkish Mosques please me better. That of Sultan *Solyman* is an exact square, with four fine towers in the angles; in the midst is a noble

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Cupola

Cupola supported with beautiful marble pillars ; two lesser at the ends, supported in the same manner ; the pavement and gallery round the Mosque, of marble ; under the great cupola is a fountain adorned with such fine coloured pillars, that I can hardly think them natural marble ; on one side is the pulpit of white marble, and on the other the little gallery for the Grand Signior. A fine stair-case leads to it, and it is built up with gilded lattices. At the upper end is a sort of altar, where the name of God is written ; and before it, stand two candlesticks, as high as a man, with wax candles as thick as three flambeaux. The pavement is spread with fine carpets, and the Mosque illuminated with a vast number of lamps. The Court leading to it is very spacious, with galleries of marble, of green columns, covered with twenty-eight leaded cupolas on two sides, and a fine fountain of basons in the midst of it.

This description may serve for all the Mosques in Constantinople. The model is exactly the same, and they only differ in largeness and richness of materials. That of the Sultana VALIDA is the largest of all, built entirely of marble, the most prodigious, and I think the most beautiful structure I ever saw, be it spoke to the honour of our sex, for it was founded by the mother of MAHOMET the fourth. Between friends, *Paul's Church* would

make a pitiful figure near it; as any of our squares would do, near the *Atlerdan*, or place of horses, (*at*, signifying a horse in Turkish.) This was the *Hippodrome*, in the reign of the Greek Emperors. In the midst of it is a brazen column of three serpents twisted together, with their mouths gaping. 'Tis impossible to learn why so old a pillar was erected; the Greeks can tell nothing but fabulous legends when they are asked the meaning of it, and there is no sign of its having ever had any inscription. At the upper end is an obelisk of porphyry, probably brought from Egypt, the hieroglyphics all very entire, which I look upon as meer antient puns. It is placed on four little brazen pillars, upon a pedestal of square free stone full of figures in bas-relief on two sides; one square representing a battle, another an assembly. The others have inscriptions in Greek and Latin; the last I took in my pocket-book, and it is as follows:

*Difficilis quondam, Dominis parere Serenis
Jussus, et extinctis palmam portare Tyrannis
Omnia Theodosio cedunt, sobolique perenni.*

Your Lord will interpret these lines. Don't fancy they are a love-letter to him.

All the figures have their heads on; and I cannot forbear reflecting again on the impu-

dence of authors, who all say they have not ; but I dare swear the greatest part of them never saw them ; but took the report from the Greeks, who resist, with incredible fortitude, the conviction of their own eyes, whenever they have invented lies to the dishonour of their enemies. Were you to believe them, there is nothing worth seeing in Constantinople, but *Sancta Sophia*, tho' there are several larger, and, in my opinion, more beautiful Mosques in that city. That of Sultan *Achmet* has this particularity, that its gates are of brass. In all these Mosques there are little chapels, where are the tombs of the founders and their families, with wax candles burning before them.

The *Exchanges* are all noble buildings, full of fine alleys, the greatest part supported with pillars, and kept wonderfully neat. Every trade has its distinct alley, where the merchandize is disposed in the same order as in the New Exchange at London. The *Bisfisten*, or jeweller's quarter, shews so much riches, such a vast quantity of diamonds, and all kind of precious stones, that they dazzle the sight. The embroiderers is also very glittering, and people walk here as much for diversion as business. The markets are most of them handsome squares, and admirably well provided, perhaps better than in any other part of the world.

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I know you'll expect I should say something particular of the slaves; and you will imagine me half a Turk, when I don't speak of it with the same horror other Christians have done before me. But I cannot forbear applauding the humanity of the Turks to these creatures; they are never ill used, and their slavery is, in my opinion, no worse than servitude all over the world. 'Tis true they have no wages; but they give them yearly clothes to a higher value than our salaries to our ordinary servants. But you'll object, that men buy women *with an eye to evil*. In my opinion they are bought and sold as publickly and as infamously in all our Christian great cities.

I must add to the description of Constantinople, that the *Historical Pillar* is no more. It dropped down about two years before I came to this part of the world. I have seen no other footsteps of antiquity except the aquæducts, which are so vast that I am apt to believe they are yet more antient than the Greek Empire. The Turks, indeed, have clapped in some stones with Turkish inscriptions to give the natives the honour of so great a work; but the deceit is easily discovered.—The other public buildings are the *Hans* and *Monasteries*; the first are very large and numerous; the second few in number, and not at all magnificent. I had the curiosity to visit one of them, and to observe the

the devotions of the *Dervises*, which are as whimsical as any at Rome. These fellows have permission to marry, but are confined to an odd habit, which is only a piece of coarse white cloth, wrapped about them, with their legs and arms naked. Their order has few other rules, except that of performing their fantastic rites, every Tuesday and Friday, which is done in this manner : They meet together in a large hall, where they all stand with their eyes fixed on the ground, and their arms across, while the *Imaum* or preacher reads part of the *Alcoran* from a pulpit, placed in the midst ; and when he has done, eight or ten of them make a melancholy concert with their pipes, which are no unmusical instruments. Then he reads again, and makes a short exposition on what he has read ; after which they sing and play, till their Superior (the only one of them dressed in green) rises and begins a sort of solemn dance. They all stand about him in a regular figure, and while some play, the others tie their robe (which is very wide) fast round their waist, and begin to turn round with an amazing swiftness, and yet with great regard to the music, moving slower or faster as the tune is played. This lasts above an hour, without any of them shewing the least appearance of giddiness, which is not to be wondered at, when it is considered, they are all used to it from their infancy ; most of them being devoted to this way of life from

from their birth. There turned amongst them some little Dervises of six or seven years old, who seemed no more disordered by that exercise than the others. At the end of the ceremony they shout out; "*There is no other God, but God, and Mahomet his Prophet;*" after which they kiss the Superior's hand and retire. The whole is performed with the most solemn gravity. Nothing can be more austere than the form of these people; they never raise their eyes, and seem devoted to contemplation. And as ridiculous as this is in description, there is something touching in the air of submission and mortification they assume. This letter is of a horrible length; but you may burn it when you have read enough, &c. &c.

L E T.

LETTER XLII.

To the Countess of —.

I AM now preparing to leave Constantinople, and perhaps you will accuse me of hypocrisy, when I tell you, 'tis with regret: but as I am used to the air, and have learnt the language, I am easy here; and as much as I love travelling, I tremble at the inconveniencies attending so great a journey, with a numerous family, and a little infant hanging at the breast. However, I endeavour, upon this occasion, to do as I have hitherto done in all the odd turns of my life; turn them, if I can, to my diversion. In order to this, I ramble every day, wrapped up in my *Ferige* and *Asmak*, about Constantinople, and amuse myself with seeing all that is curious in it. I know you will expect that this declaration should be followed with some account of what I have seen. But I am in no humour to copy what has been writ so often over. To what purpose should I tell you, that Constantinople is the antient Bizantium? that 'tis at present the conquest of a race of people, supposed Scythians? that there are five or six thousand mosques in it? that *Sancta Sophia* was founded by

by Justinian ? &c. I'll assure you 'tis not for want of learning, that I forbear writing all these bright things. I could also, with very little trouble, turn over *Knolles* and Sir *Paul Rycaut*, to give you a list of Turkish Emperors; but I will not tell you what you may find in every author that has writ of this country. I am more inclined, out of a true female spirit of contradiction, to tell you the falsehood of a great part of what you find in authors; as for example, in the admirable Mr. *Hill*, who so gravely asserts, that he saw in *Sancta Sophia*, a sweating pillar, very balsamic for disordered heads. There is not the least tradition of any such matter, and I suppose it was revealed to him in vision, during his wonderful stay in the Egyptian Catacombs; for I am sure he never heard of any such miracle here. 'Tis also very pleasant to observe how tenderly he and all his brethren voyage-writers, lament the miserable confinement of the Turkish ladies, who are perhaps more free than any ladies in the universe, and are the only women in the world that lead a life of uninterrupted pleasure, exempt from cares, their whole time being spent in visiting, bathing, or the agreeable amusement of spending money and inventing new fashions. A husband would be thought mad that exacted any degree of œconomy from his wife, whose expences are no way limited but by her own fancy. 'Tis his business to get money, and hers

hers to spend it; and this noble prerogative extends itself to the very meanest of the sex. Here is a fellow that carries embroidered handkerchiefs upon his back to sell: and as miserable a figure as you may suppose such a mean dealer; yet I'll assure you, his wife scorns to wear any thing less than cloth of gold; has her ermine furs, and a very handsome set of jewels for her head. 'Tis true, they have no places but the bagnios, and these can only be seen by their own sex; however, that is a diversion they take great pleasure in.

I was, three days ago, at one of the finest in the town, and had the opportunity of seeing a Turkish bride received there, and all the ceremony used on that occasion, which made me recollect the *Epithalamium* of *Helen*, by *Theocritus*; and it seems to me, that the same customs have continued ever since. All the she friends, relations and acquaintance of the two families, newly allied, meet at the bagnio; several others go, out of curiosity, and I believe there were that day two hundred women. Those that were, or had been married, placed themselves round the rooms, on the marble sofas; but the virgins very hastily threw off their cloaths, and appeared without other ornament or covering than their own long hair braided with pearl or ribbon. Two of them met the bride at the door, conducted
by

by her mother and another grave relation. She was a beautiful maid of about seventeen, very richly dressed, and shining with jewels, but was presently reduced to the state of nature. Two others filled silver gilt pots with perfume, and began the proceſſion, the reſt following in pairs, to the number of thirty. The leaders ſung an *Epithalamium*, answered by the others in chorus, and the two laſt led the fair bride, her eyes fixed on the ground, with a charming affectation of modeſty. In this order they marched round the three large rooms of the Bagnio. 'Tis not eaſy to repreſent to you the beauty of this ſight, moſt of them being well proportioned and white ſkin'd; all of them perfectly ſmooth, and poliſhed by the frequent uſe of bathing. After having made their *tour*, the bride was again led to every matron round the rooms, who ſaluted her with a compliment and a preſent, ſome of jewels, others of pieces of ſtuff, handkerchiefs, or little gallantries of that nature, which ſhe thanked them for, by kiſſing their hands. I was very well pleaſed with having ſeen this ceremony; and you may believe me, that the Turkiſh ladies have, at leaſt, as much wit and civility, nay liberty, as among us. 'Tis true, the ſame cuſtoms that give them ſo many opportunities of gratifying their evil inclinations (if they have any) alſo put it very fully in the power of their huſbands to revenge themſelves, if they are diſcovered;
and

and I do not doubt but they suffer sometimes for their indiscretions in a very severe manner. About two months ago, there was found at day-break, not very far from my house, the bleeding body of a young woman, naked, only wrapp'd in a coarse sheet, with two wounds of a knife, one in her side, and another in her breast. She was not quite cold, and was so surprizingly beautiful, that there were very few men in Pera, that did not go to look upon her; but it was not possible for any body to know her, no woman's face being known. She was supposed to have been brought, in the dead of night, from the Constantinople side, and laid there. Very little enquiry was made about the murderer, and the corpse was privately buried without noise. Murder is never pursued by the King's officers, as with us. 'Tis the business of the next relations to revenge the dead person; and if they like better to compound the matter for money (as they generally do) there is no more said of it. One would imagine this defect in their government, should make such tragedies very frequent, yet they are extremely rare; which is enough to prove the people not naturally cruel. Neither do I think, in many other particulars, they deserve the barbarous character we give them. I am well acquainted with a Christian woman of quality, who made it her choice to live with a Turkish husband, and is a very agreeable sensible

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Her Infidel lover was very handsome, very
VOL. II. H tender,

tender, very fond of her, and lavished at her feet all the Turkish magnificence. She answered him very resolutely, that her liberty was not so precious to her as her honour, that he could no way restore that but by marrying her, and she therefore desired him to accept the ransom as her portion, and give her the satisfaction of knowing that no man could boast of her favours without being her husband. The admiral was transported at this kind offer, and sent back the money to her relations, saying he was too happy in her possession. He married her, and never took any other wife, and (as she says herself) she never had reason to repent the choice she made. He left her some years after, one of the richest widows in Constantinople. But there is no remaining honourably a single woman, and that consideration has obliged her to marry the present Captain Bassa (i. e. Admiral) his successor.—I am afraid that you will think my friend fell in love with her ravisher; but I am willing to take her word for it, that she acted wholly on principles of honour, tho' I think she might be reasonably touched at his generosity, which is often found amongst the Turks of rank.

'Tis a degree of generosity to tell the truth, and 'tis very rare that any Turk will assert a solemn falsehood. I don't speak of the lowest sort;

tort ; for as there is a great deal of ignorance, there is very little virtue amongst them ; and false witnesses are much cheaper than in Christendom, those wretches not being punished (even when they are publicly detected) with the rigour they ought to be.

Now I am speaking of their law, I don't know, whether I have ever mentioned to you one custom peculiar to their country, I mean, *adoption*, very common amongst the Turks, and yet more amongst the Greeks and Armenians. Not having it in their power to give their estates to a friend or distant relation, to avoid its falling into the Grand Signior's Treasury, when they are not likely to have any children of their own, they chuse some pretty child of either sex, amongst the meanest people, and carry the child and its parents before the *Cadi*, and there declare they receive it for their heir. The parents, at the same time, renounce all future claim to it ; a writing is drawn and witnessed, and a child thus adopted, cannot be disinherited. Yet I have seen some common beggars, that have refused to part with their children in this manner, to some of the richest among the Greeks ; (so powerful is the instinctive affection that is natural to parents !) though the adopting fathers are generally very tender to these *children of their souls*, as they call them. I own this custom

pleases me much better than our absurd one of following our name. Methinks 'tis much more reasonable to make happy and rich, an infant whom I educate after my own manner, *brought up* (in the Turkish phrase) *upon my knees*, and who has learnt to look upon me with a filial respect, than to give an estate to a creature without other merit or relation to me than that of a few letters. Yet this is an absurdity we see frequently practised.—Now I have mentioned the Armenians, perhaps it will be agreeable to tell you something of that nation, with which I am sure you are utterly unacquainted. I will not trouble you with the geographical account of the situation of their country, which you may see in the maps; or a relation of their antient greatness, which you may read in the Roman History. They are now subject to the Turks; and, being very industrious in trade, and encreasing and multiplying, are dispersed in great numbers through all the Turkish dominions. They were, as they say, converted to the Christian religion by St. *Gregory*, and are perhaps the devoutest Christians in the whole world. The chief precepts of their priests enjoin the strict keeping of their Lents, which are, at least, seven months in every year, and are not to be dispensed with on the most emergent necessity; no occasion whatever can excuse them if they touch any thing more than mere herbs or roots
(without

(without oil) and plain dry bread. That is their constant diet.—Mr. W——y has one of his interpreters of this nation, and the poor fellow was brought so low by the severity of his fasts, that his life was despaired of. Yet neither his master's commands, nor the doctor's entreaties (who declared nothing else could save his life) were powerful enough to prevail with him to take two or three spoonfuls of broth. Excepting this, which may rather be called a custom, than an article of faith, I see very little in their religion different from ours. 'Tis true, they seem to incline very much to Mr. *Whiston's* doctrine; neither do I think the Greek church very distant from it, since 'tis certain, the Holy Spirit's proceeding *only* from the Father, is making a plain subordination in the Son—But the Armenians have no notion of *Transubstantiation*, whatever account Sir *Paul Rycaut* gives of them (which account I am apt to believe was designed to compliment our court in 1679) and they have a great horror for those amongst them that change to the Roman religion. What is most extraordinary in their customs, is their matrimony; a ceremony, I believe, unparallel'd all over the world. They are always promised very young; but the espoused never see one another till three days after their marriage. The bride is carried to church with a cap on her head, in the fashion of a large trencher, and over it a
red

red filken veil, which covers her all over to her feet. The priest asks the bridegroom whether he is contented to marry that woman, *be she deaf, be she blind?* These are the literal words; to which having answered *yes*, she is led home to his house, accompanied with all the friends and relations on both sides, singing and dancing, and is placed on a cushion in the corner of the sofa; but her veil is never lifted up, not even by her husband. There is something so odd and monstrous in these ways, that I could not believe them till I had enquired of several Armenians myself, who all assured me of the truth of them, particularly one young fellow who wept when he spoke of it, being promised by his mother to a girl that he must marry in this manner, tho' he protested to me, he had rather die than submit to this slavery, having already figured his bride to himself with all the deformities in nature.—I fancy I see you bless yourself at this terrible relation. I cannot conclude my letter with a more surprising story, yet 'tis as seriously true, as that I am,

Dear sister,

Yours, &c. &c.

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L E T T E R XLIII.

To the Abbot of ———.

Constantinople, May 19, O. S. 1718.

I AM extremely pleased with hearing from you, and my vanity (the darling frailty of human kind) not a little flattered by the uncommon questions you ask me, tho' I am utterly incapable of answering them. And indeed, were I as good a Mathematician as *Euclid* himself, it requires an age's stay to make just observations on the air and vapours. I have not been yet a full year here, and am on the point of removing. Such is my rambling destiny. This will surprize you, and can surprize nobody so much as myself. Perhaps you will accuse me of laziness or dulness, or both together, than can leave this place without giving you some account of the Turkish court. I can only tell you that if you please to read *Sir Paul Rycant*, you will there find a full and true account of the *Viziers*, the *Beglerby's*, the civil and spiritual government, the officers of the *Seraglio*, &c. things that are very easy to procure lists of, and therefore may be depended on;

on ; tho' other stories, God knows—I say no more—every body is at liberty to write their own remarks ; the manners of people may change ; or some of them escape the observation of travellers ; but 'tis not the same of the government, and for that reason, since I can tell you nothing new, I will tell you nothing of it. In the same silence shall be passed over the arsenal and seven towers ; and for Mosques I have already described one of the noblest to you very particularly. But I cannot *forbear taking* notice to you of a mistake of GEMELLI, (though I honour him in a much higher degree than any other voyage-writer) : he says that there are no remains of Calcedon ; this is certainly a mistake ; I was there yesterday and went cross the canal in my galley, the sea being very narrow between that city and Constantinople. 'Tis still a large town, and has several Mosques in it. The Christians still call it Calcedonia, and the Turks give it a name I forgot, but which is only a corruption of the same word. I suppose this is an error of his guide, which his short stay hindered him from rectifying. for I have, in other matters, a very just esteem for his veracity. Nothing can be pleasanter than the canal, and the Turks are so well acquainted with its beauties, that all their pleasure seats are built on its banks, where they have, at the same time, the most beautiful prospects in Europe
and

and Asia; there are near one another, some hundreds of magnificent palaces. Human grandeur being here yet more unstable than any where else, 'tis common for the heirs of a great three-tail'd Bassa not to be rich enough to keep in repair the house he built; thus in a few years they all fall to ruin. I was yesterday to see that of the late grand Vizier, who was killed at Peterwaradin. It was built to receive his Royal Bride, daughter of the present Sultan, but he did not live to see her there. I have a great great mind to describe it to you; but I check that inclination, knowing very well that I cannot give you, with my best description, such an idea of it as I ought. It is situated on one of the most delightful parts of the canal, with a fine wood on the side of a hill behind it. The extent of it is prodigious; the guardian assured me there are eight hundred rooms in it; I will not, however, answer for that number, since I did not count them; but 'tis certain the number is very large, and the whole adorned with a profusion of marble, gilding, and the most exquisite painting of fruit and flowers. The windows are all sash'd with the finest chrystaline glass, brought from England; and here is all the expensive magnificence that you can suppose in a palace founded by a vain luxurious young man, with the wealth of a vast Empire at his command. But no part of it pleased me better than

than the apartments destined for the Bagnios. There are two built exactly in the same manner, answering to one another ; the baths, fountains, and pavements all of white marble ; the roofs gilt, and the walls covered with Japan china. Adjoining to them are two rooms, the uppermost of which is divided into a sofa ; and in the four corners are falls of water from the very roof, from shell to shell, of white marble, to the lower end of the room, where it falls into a large bason, surrounded with pipes that throw up the water as high as the room. The walls are in the nature of lattices, and on the outside of them, there are vines and woodbines planted, that form a sort of green tapestry, and give an agreeable obscurity to those delightful chambers. I should go on and let you into some of the other apartments (all worthy your curiosity) but 'tis yet harder to describe a Turkish palace than any other, being built entirely irregular. There is nothing that can be properly called front or wings ; and tho' such a confusion is, I think, pleasing to the sight, yet it would be very unintelligible in a letter. I shall only add, that the chamber destined for the Sultan when he visits his daughter, is wainscotted with mother of pearl, fastened with emeralds like nails. There are others of mother of pearl and olive-wood inlaid, and several of Japan china. The galleries,
which

which are numerous and very large, are adorned with jars of flowers, and porcelain dishes of fruit of all sorts, so well done in plaister, and coloured in so lively a manner, that it has an enchanting effect. The garden is suitable to the house, where arbours, fountains, and walks are thrown together in an agreeable confusion. There is no ornament wanting except that of statues. Thus you see, Sir, these people are not so unpolished as we represent them. 'Tis true, their magnificence is of a different taste from ours, and perhaps of a better. I am almost of opinion they have a right notion of life. They consume it in music, gardens, wine and delicate eating, while we are tormenting our brains with some scheme of politics, or studying some science to which we can never attain, or, if we do, cannot persuade other people to set that value upon it we do ourselves. 'Tis certain what we feel and see is properly (if any thing is properly) our own; but the good of fame, the folly of praise, are hardly purchased, and when obtained, poor recompence for loss of time and health. We die or grow old before we can reap the fruit of our labours. Considering what short liv'd weak animals men are, is there any study so beneficial as the study of present pleasure? I dare not pursue this theme; perhaps I have already said too much, but I depend upon the
true

true knowledge you have of my heart. I don't expect from you the insipid railleries I should suffer from another, in answer to this letter. You know how to divide the idea of *pleasure* from that of *vice*, and they are only mingled in the heads of fools.—But I allow you to laugh at me for the sensual declaration in saying, that I had rather be a rich Efendi with all his ignorance, than Sir Isaac Newton with all his knowledge.

I am, Sir, &c. &c.

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L E T T E R X L I V .

To the Abbot of———.

Tunis, July 31, O. S. 1718.

I LEFT Constantinople the sixth of the last month, and this is the first post from whence I could send a letter, tho' I have often wished for the opportunity, that I might impart some of the pleasure I found in this voyage, through the most agreeable part of the world, where every scene presents me some poetical idea.

*Warm'd with poetic transport, I survey
Th' immortal islands and the well known sea.
For here so oft the Muse her harp has strung,
That not a mountain rears its head unsung.*

I beg your pardon for this fally, and will, if I can, continue the rest of my account in plain prose. The second day after we passed *Gallipolis*, a fair city, situated in the bay of *Chersonesus*, and much respected by the Turks, being the first town they took in Europe. At five the next morning, we anchored in the *Hellepont*, between the castles of *Sestos* and *Abydos* now called the *Dardanelli*. These are

VOL. II.

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now

now two little ancient castles, but of no strength, being commanded by a rising ground behind them, which I confess I should never have taken notice of, if I had not heard it observ'd by our captain and officers, my imagination being wholly employed by the tragic story that you are well acquainted with :

*The swimming Lover and the nightly Bride,
How HERO lov'd, and how LEANDER died.*

Verse again !—I am certainly infected by the poetical air I have passed through. That of Abydos is undoubtedly very amorous, since that soft passion betrayed the castle into the hands of the Turks who besieged it in the reign of Orchanes. The Governor's daughter imagining to have seen her future husband in a dream (though I don't find she had either slept upon *Bride-cake* or kept *St. Agnes Feast*) fancied she saw the dear figure in the form of one of her besiegers, and, being willing to obey her destiny, tossed a note to him over the wall, with the offer of her person and the delivery of the castle. He shewed it to his general, who consented to try the sincerity of her intentions and withdrew his army, ordering the young man to return with a select body of men at midnight. She admitted him at the appointed hour, he destroyed the garrison, took the father prison-

er, and made her his wife. This town is in Asia, first founded by the Milesians. *Sestos* is in Europe, and was once the principal city of Chersonesus. Since I have seen this streight, I find nothing improbable in the adventure of *Leander*, or very wonderful in the bridge of boats of *Xerxes*. 'Tis so narrow, 'tis not surprising a young lover should attempt to swim, or an ambitious King try to pass his army over it. But then, 'tis so subject to storms, 'tis no wonder the lover perish'd and the bridge was broken. From hence we had a full view of mount *Ida*;

*Where Juno once caress'd her amorous Jove,
And the world's master lay subdu'd by Love.*

Not many leagues sail from hence, I saw the point of land where poor old *Hecuba* was buried, and about a league from that place is Cape *Janizary*, the famous promontory of *Sigæum*, where we anchored. My curiosity supplied me with strength to climb to the top of it, to see the place where *Achilles* was buried and where *Alexander* ran naked round his tomb in honour of him, which, no doubt, was a great comfort to his ghost. I saw there, the ruins of a very large city, and found a stone on which Mr. W——y plainly distinguished the words of *Sigæon Polin*. We ordered this on board the

ship; but were shew'd others much more curious by a Greek Priest, tho' a very ignorant fellow that could give no tolerable account of any thing. On each side the door of his little church lie two large stones, about ten foot long each, five in breadth and three in thickness. That on the right is very fine white marble, the side of it beautifully carved in *Bas relief*; it represents a woman who seems to be designed for some Deity sitting on a chair with a footstool, and before her another woman weeping and presenting to her a young child that she has in her arms, followed by a procession of women, with children in the same manner. This is certainly part of a very ancient tomb; but I dare not pretend to give the true explanation of it. On the stone, on the left side, is a very fair inscription, but the Greek is too antient for Mr. W———'s interpretation. I am very sorry not to have the original in my possession which might have been purchased of the poor inhabitants for a small sum of money. But our captain assured us, that without having machines made on purpose, 'twas impossible to bear it to the sea-side, and when it was there, his long-boat would not be large enough to hold it.

The ruins of this great city are now inhabited by poor Greek peasants, who wear the *Sciote* habit, the women being in short petticoats fasten'd

ten'd by straps round their shoulders, and large smock-sleeves of white linen, with neat shoes and stockings, and on their heads a large piece of muslin, which falls in large folds on their shoulders.—One of my countrymen Mr. *Sands* (whose book I doubt not you have read as one of the best of its kind) speaking of these ruins, supposes them to have been the foundation of a city begun by Constantine, before his building Byzantium ; but I see no good reason for that imagination, and am apt to believe them much more ancient.

We saw very plainly from this promontory, the river *Simois* rolling from mount *Ida*, and running through a very spacious valley. It is now a considerable river, and is called *Simores* ; it is joined in the vale by the *Scamander*, which appeared a small stream half-choaked with mud, but is perhaps large in the winter. This was *Xanthus* amongst the Gods, as *Homer* tells us, and 'tis by that heavenly name, the Nymph *Oenone* invokes it, in her Epistle to *Paris*. The Trojan Virgins used to offer their first favours to it by the name of *Scamander*, till the adventure, which *Monsieur de la Fontaine* has told so agreeably, abolish'd that heathenish ceremony. When the stream is mingled with the *Simois*, they run together to the sea.

All that is now left at *Troy* is the ground on which it stood ; for I am firmly persuaded
whatever

whatever pieces of antiquity may be found round it are much more modern, and I think *Strabo* says the same thing. However there is some pleasure in seeing the valley where I imagined the famous duel of *Menelaus* and *Paris* had been fought, and were the greatest city in the world was situated. 'Tis certainly the noblest situation that can be found for the head of a great Empire, much to be preferred to that of Constantinople, the harbour here being always convenient for ships from all parts of the world, and that of Constantinople inaccessible almost six months in the year, while the north-wind reigns.

North of the promontory of *Sigæum* we saw that of *Rhateum* fam'd for the sepulchre of *Ajax*. While I viewed these celebrated fields and rivers, I admired the exact geography of *Homer*, whom I had in my hand. Almost every epithet he gives to a mountain or plain, is still just for it; and I spent several hours here in as agreeable cogitations, as ever *Don Quixote* had on mount *Montefinos*. We sailed next night to the shore, where 'tis vulgarly reported *Troy* stood, and I took the pains of rising at two in the morning to view coolly those ruins which are commonly shew'd to strangers, and which the Turks call *Eski-Stamboul*, i. e. Old Constantinople. For that reason, as well as some others, I conjecture them to be the
remains

remains of that city begun by Constantine. I hired an ass (the only voiture to be had there) that I might go some miles into the country, and take a tour round the antient walls which are of a vast extent. We found the remains of a castle on a hill, and of another in a valley, several broken pillars and two pedestals, from which I took these Latin inscriptions :

DIVI. AUG. COL.
ET. COL. IUL. PHILIPENSIS
EORUNDEM ET PRINCIP. AM
COL. IUL. PARIANA. TRIBUN.
MILIT. COH. XXXII. VOLUNTAR.
TRIB. MILIT. LEG. XIII. GEM.
PRAEFECTO EQUIT. ALAE. I.
SCUBULORUM
VIC. VIII.

DIVI. IULI. FLAMINI
C. ANTONIO. M. F
VOLT. RUFO. FLAMIN
DIV. AUG. COL. CL. APRENS.
ET. COL. IUL. PHILIPPENSIS
EORUNDEM. ET PRINCIP. ITEM
COL. IUL. PARIANA. TRIB.
MILIT. COH. XXXII. VOLUNTARIOR.
TRIB. MILIT. XIII.
GEM. PRAEF. EQUIT. ALAE. I.
SCUBULORUM
VIC. VII.

I do not doubt but the remains of a temple near this place, are the ruins of one dedicated to Augustus, and I know not why Mr. *Sands* calls it a Christian temple, since the Romans certainly built hereabouts. Here are many tombs of fine marble and vast pieces of granate, which are daily less'n'd by the prodigious balls that the Turks make, from them, for their cannon. We pass'd that evening the isle of *Tenedos*, once under the patronage of APOLLO, as he gave it in, himself, in the particulars of his estate, when he courted *Daphne*. It is but ten miles in circuit, but in those days very rich and well peopled, still famous for its excellent wine. I say nothing of *Tenes*, from whom it was called; but naming *Mytilene*, where we pass'd next, I cannot forbear mentioning *Lesbos*, where SAPPHO sung and PITTACUS reigned, famous for the birth of ALCEUS, THEOPHRASTUS and ARION, those masters in Poetry, Philosophy, and Music. This was one of the last islands that remained in the Christian dominion after the conquest of Constantinople by the Turks. But need I talk to you of *Catucufeno*, &c. Princes that you are as well acquainted with as I am? 'Twas with regret I saw us sail from this island into the Egean sea, now the Archipelago, leaving *Scio* (the antient *Chios*) on the left, which is the richest and most populous of these islands, fruitful in cotton, corn and silk, planted with groves of

of orange and lemon trees, and the Arvisian mountain still celebrated for the Nectar that VIRGIL mentions. Here is the best manufacture of silks in all Turkey. The town is well built, the women famous for their beauty, and shew their faces as in Christendom. There are many rich families; tho' they confine their magnificence to the inside of their houses, to avoid the jealousy of the Turks, who have a Bassa here; however they enjoy a reasonable liberty, and indulge the genius of their country;

*And eat and sing and dance away their time,
Fresh as their groves, and happy as their clime.*

Their chains hang lightly on them, tho' 'tis not long since they were impos'd, not being under the Turk till 1566. But perhaps 'tis as easy to obey the Grand Signior as the state of Genoa, to whom they were sold by the Greek Emperor. But I forgot myself in these historical touches, which are very impertinent when I write to you. Passing the streight between the islands of *Andros* and *Achaia*, now *Libadia*, we saw the promontory of *Lunium*, now called *Cape Colonna*, where are yet standing the vast pillars of a temple of MINERVA. This venerable sight made me think, with double regret, on a beautiful temple of THE-
SEUS,

SEUS, which I am assured was almost entire at Athens till the last campaign in the *Morea*, that the Turks filled it with powder, and it was accidentally blown up. You may believe I had a great mind to land on the fam'd *Peloponnesus*, tho' it were only to look on the rivers of *Æsopus*, *Peneus*, *Inachus*, and *Eurotas*, the fields of *Arcadia* and other scenes of antient Mythology. But instead of Demi-gods and Heroes, I was credibly informed, 'tis now over-run by robbers, and that I should run a great risque of falling into their hands by undertaking such a journey through a desert country, for which however I have so much respect, that I have much ado to hinder myself from troubling you with its whole history from the foundation of *Nycana* and *Corinth* to the last campaign there; but I check the inclination as I did that of landing. We sailed quietly by *Cape Angelo*, once *Malea*, where I saw no remains of the famous temple of *Apollo*. We came that evening in sight of *Candia*: it is very mountainous; we easily distinguish'd that of *Ida*.—We have *Virgil's* authority that here were a hundred cities——

——*Centum Urbes habitant magnas*——

The chief of them——the scene of monstrous passions.—*Metellus* first conquered this birth-place

place of his Jupiter ; it fell afterwards into the hands of—I am running on to the very siege of Candia, and I am so angry with myself that I will pass by all the other islands with this general reflection, that 'tis impossible to imagine any thing more agreeable than this journey would have been two or three thousand years since, when after drinking a dish of tea with SAPPHO, I might have gone, the same evening, to visit the temple of HOMER in *Chios*, and passed this voyage in taking plans of magnificent temples, delineating the miracles of statuaries, and conversing with the most polite and most gay of mankind. Alas ! Art is extinct here ; the wonders of nature alone remain, and it was with vast pleasure I observ'd those of mount *Ætna*, whose flame appears very bright in the night many leagues off at sea, and fills the head with a thousand conjectures. However, I honour Philosophy too much to imagine it could turn that of EMPEDOCLES ; and LUCIAN shall never make me believe such a scandal of a man of whom Lucretius says,

—*vix humana videtur stirpe creatus*—

We passed *Trinacria* without hearing any of the *Syrens* that *Homer* describes, and, being thrown on neither *Sylla* nor *Charybdis*, came safe to *Malta*, first called *Melita*, from the abundance of honey. It is a whole rock cover'd

ver'd with very little earth. The Grand Master lives here in the state of a sovereign Prince; but his strength at sea now is very small. The fortifications are reckon'd the best in the world, all cut in the solid rock with infinite expence and labour.—Off this island we were tossed by a severe storm, and were very glad, after eight days, to be able to put into *Porta Farine* on the African shore, where our ship now rides. At *Tunis* we were met by the English consul who resides here. I readily accepted of the offer of his house there for some days, being very curious to see this part of the world, and particularly the ruins of Carthage. I set out in his chaise at nine at night, the moon being at full. I saw the prospect of the country almost as well as I could have done by day light, and the heat of the sun is now so intolerable, 'tis impossible to travel at any other time. The soil is, for the most part, sandy, but every where fruitful of date, olive and fig-trees, which grow without art, yet afford the most delicious fruit in the world. Their vineyards and melon-fields are inclos'd by hedges of that plant we call *Indian fig*, which is an admirable fence, no wild beast being able to pass it. It grows a great height, very thick, and the spikes or thorns are as long and sharp as bodkins; it bears a fruit much eaten by the peasants, and which has no ill taste.

It

It being now the season of the Turkish *Ramadan*, or Lent, and all here professing, at least, the Mahometan religion, they fast till the going down of the sun, and spend the night in feasting. We saw under the trees, companies of the country people, eating, singing and dancing to their wild music. They are not quite black, but all mulattoes, and the most frightful creatures that can appear in a human figure. They are almost naked, only wearing a piece of coarse serge wrapped about them.—But the women have their arms to their very shoulders, and their necks and faces adorn'd with flowers, stars, and various sorts of figures impress'd by gun-powder, a considerable addition to their natural deformity, which is, however, esteemed very ornamental amongst them; and I believe they suffer a good deal of pain by it.

About six miles from Tunis we saw the remains of that noble aqueduct, which carried the water to Carthage, over several high mountains, the length of forty miles. There are still many arches entire. We spent two hours viewing it with great attention, and Mr. W——y assured me, that of Rome is very much inferior to it. The stones are of a prodigious size, and yet all polished, and so exactly fitted to each other, that very little cement has been made use of to join them. Yet they may

probably stand a thousand years longer, if art is not made use of to pull them down. Soon after day-break I arrived at Tunis, a town fairly built of a very white stone, but quite without gardens, which, they say, were all destroyed when the Turks first took it, none having been planted since. The dry sand gives a very disagreeable prospect to the eye, and the want of shade contributing to the natural heat of the climate, renders it so excessive, that I have much ado to support it. 'Tis true, here is every noon the refreshment of the sea-breeze, without which it would be impossible to live; but no fresh water, but what is preserved in the cisterns of the rains that fall in the month of September. The women of the town go veiled from head to foot under a black crape, and being mix'd with a breed of renegadoes, are said to be many of them fair and handsome. This city was besieg'd in 1270 by LEWIS king of France, who died, under the walls of it, of a pestilential fever. After his death, PHILIP, his son, and our prince EDWARD, son of Henry the III^d, raised the siege on honourable terms. It remained under its natural African kings, till betrayed into the hands of BARBAROSSA, admiral of SOLEYMAN the Magnificent. The emperor Charles V. expelled Barbarossa, but it was recovered by the Turk under the conduct of *Sinan Bassa*, in the reign of SELIM II. From that time till now, it has remained tributary to the

the Grand Signior, governed by a Bey, who suffers the name of subject to the Turk, but has renounced the subjection, being absolute, and very seldom paying any tribute. The great city of Bagdat is, at this time, in the same circumstances; and the Grand Signior connives at the loss of these dominions for fear of losing even the titles of them.

I went very early yesterday morning (after one night's repose) to see the ruins of *Carthage*.
 — I was however half broiled in the sun, and overjoyed to be led into one of the subterranean apartments, which they called the *stables of the elephants*, but which I cannot believe were ever design'd for that use. I found in many of them broken pieces of columns of fine marble, and some of porphyry. I cannot think any body would take the insignificant pains of carrying them thither, and I cannot imagine such fine pillars were design'd for the use of stables. I am apt to believe they were summer apartments under their palaces, which the heat of the climate render'd necessary. They are now used as granaries by the country people. While I sat here, from the town of *Tents* not far off, many of the women flocked in to see me, and we were equally entertain'd with viewing one another. Their posture in sitting, the colour of their skin, their lank black hair falling on each side their faces, their features

and the shape of their limbs, differ so little from their country-people the baboons, 'tis hard to fancy them a distinct race; I could not help thinking there had been some ancient alliances between them.

When I was a little refresh'd by rest, and some milk and exquisite fruit they brought me, I went up the little hill where once stood the castle of *Byrsa*, and from thence I had a distinct view of the situation of the famous city of *Carthage*, which stood on an isthmus, the sea coming on each side of it. 'Tis now a marshy ground on one side, where there are saltponds. STRABO calls Carthage forty miles in circumference. There are now no remains of it, but what I have describ'd; and the history of it is too well known to want my abridgement of it. You see, Sir, that I think you esteem obedience better than compliments. I have answer'd your letter by giving you the accounts you desired, and have reserv'd my thanks to the conclusion. I intend to leave this place to-morrow, and continue my journey thro' Italy and France. In one of those places I hope to tell you by word of mouth that I am

Your humble servant,

&c. &c.

L E T T E R XLV.

To the Countess of —.

Genoa, Aug. 28, O. S. 1718.

I BEG your pardon, my dear sister, that I did not write to you from *Tunis*, the only opportunity I have had, since I left Constantinople. But the heat there was so excessive, and the light so bad for the sight, I was half blind by writing one letter to the Abbot —, and durst not go to write many others I had designed; nor indeed could I have entertained you very well out of that barbarous country. I am now surrounded with subjects of pleasure, and so much charmed with the beauties of Italy, that I should think it a kind of ingratitude not to offer a little praise in return for the diversion I have had here. — I am in the house of Mrs. *D'Avenant* at *St. Pierre d'Arena*, and should be very unjust not to allow her a share of that praise I speak of, since her good humour and good company have very much contributed

contributed to render this place agreeable to me.

Genoa is situated on a very fine bay, and being built on a rising hill intermixed with gardens, and beautified with the most excellent architecture, gives a very fine prospect off at sea; though it lost much of its beauty in my eyes, having been accustomed to that of Constantinople. The Genoese were once masters of several islands in the *Archipelago*, and all that part of Constantinople which is now called *Galata*. Their betraying the Christian cause, by facilitating the taking of Constantinople by the Turk, deserved what has since happened to them, even the loss of all their conquests on that side to those Infidels. They are at present far from rich, and are despised by the French, since their Doge was forced by the late King to go in person to Paris, to ask pardon for such a trifle as the arms of France over the house of the Envoy, being spatter'd with dung in the night. This, I suppose, was done by some of the Spanish faction, which still makes up the majority here, though they dare not openly declare it. The ladies affect the French habit, and are more genteel than those they imitate. I do not doubt but the custom of *Cizisbei's* has very much improved their airs. I know not whether you ever
heard

heard of those animals. Upon my word, nothing but my own eyes could have convinced me there were any such upon earth. The fashion begun here, and is now received all over Italy, where the husbands are not such terrible creatures as we represent them. There are none among them such brutes, as to pretend to find fault with a custom so well established, and so politically founded, since I am assured that it was an expedient, first found out by the Senate, to put an end to those family hatreds, which tore their state to pieces, and to find employment for those young men, who were forced to cut one another's throats, *pour passer le temps*; and it has succeeded so well, that since the institution of *Cixisbei*, there has been nothing but peace and good humour amongst them. These are gentlemen who devote themselves to the service of a particular lady (I mean, a married one, for the Virgins are all invisible, and confined to Convents :) They are obliged to wait on her to all public places, such as the plays, operas and assemblies, (which are called here *Conversations*) where they wait behind her chair, take care of her fan and gloves, if she plays, have the privilege of whispers, &c.—When she goes out, they serve her instead of *lacquies*, gravely trotting by her chair. 'Tis their business to prepare for her a present against any day of public appearance,

pearance, not forgetting that of her own name*; in short, they are to spend all their time and money in her service, who rewards them accordingly (for opportunity they want none) but the husband is not to have the impudence to suppose this any other than pure platonic friendship. 'Tis true, they endeavour to give her a *Cizisbei* of their own chusing; but when the lady happens not to be of the same taste, as that often happens, she never fails to bring it about to have one of her own fancy. In former times, one beauty used to have eight or ten of these humble admirers; but those days of plenty and humility are no more. Men grow more scarce and saucy, and every lady is forced to content herself with one at a time.

You may see in this place the *glorious liberty* of a Republic, or, more properly, an Aristocracy, the common people being here as arrant slaves as the French; but the old nobles pay little respect to the DOGE, who is but two years in his office, and whose wife, at that very time, assumes no rank above another noble lady. 'Tis true, the family of *Andrea Doria* (that great man, who restored them that liberty they enjoy) have some particular privileges.

* That is, the day of the Saint after whom she is called.

eges. When the Senate found it necessary to put a stop to the luxury of dress, forbidding the wearing of jewels and brocades, they left them at liberty to make what expence they pleased. I look with great pleasure on the statue of that hero, which is in the court belonging to the house of duke *Doria*. This puts me in mind of their palaces, which I can never describe as I ought.——Is it not enough that I say, they are most of them the design of PALLADIO? The street call'd *Strada Nova*, is perhaps the most beautiful line of building in the world. I must particularly mention the vast palaces of *Durazzo*, those of the two *Balbi*, joined together by a magnificent colonade, that of the *Imperiale* at this village of *St. Pierre d' Arena*, and another of the *Doria*. The perfection of architecture, and the utmost profusion of rich furniture are to be seen here, disposed with the most elegant taste, and lavish magnificence. But I am charmed with nothing so much as the collection of pictures by the pencils of *Raphael*, *Paulo Veronese*, *Titian*, *Caracci*, *Michael Angelo*, *Guido* and *Correggio*, which two I mention last as my particular favourites. I own, I can find no pleasure in objects of horror; and, in my opinion, the more naturally a crucifix is represented, the more disagreeable it is. These my beloved painters shew nature, and shew it in the most charming light. I was particularly pleased with

A *Lucretia* in the house of *Balbi*; the expressive beauty of that face and bosom, gives all the passion of pity and admiration, that could be raised in the soul, by the finest poem on that subject. A *Cleopatra*, of the same hand, deserves to be mentioned; and I should say more of her, if *Lucretia* had not first engaged my eyes.—Here are also some inestimable ancient busto's.——The Church of *St. Lawrence* is built of black and white marble, where is kept that famous plate of a single emerald, which is not now permitted to be handled, since a plot, which, they say, was discovered to throw it on the pavement and break it; a childish piece of malice, which they ascribe to the King of Sicily, to be revenged for their refusing to sell it to him. The church of the *Annunciation* is finely lined with marble; the pillars are of red and white marble: that of *St. Ambrose* has been very much adorn'd by the Jesuits; but I confess all the churches appeared so mean to me, after that of *Santa Sophia*, I can hardly do them the honour of writing down their names. But I hope you will own, I have made good use of my time, in seeing so much, since 'tis not many days that we have been out of the quarantine, from which no body is exempted coming from the Levant. Ours, indeed, was very much shortened, and very agreeably pass'd in Mrs. *D'Avenant's* company, in the village of *St. Pierre d'Arena*,

d' Arena, about a mile from Genoa, in a house built by Palladio, so well designed, and so nobly proportioned, 'twas a pleasure to walk in it. We were visited here only by a few English, in the company of a noble Genoese, commissioned to see we did not touch one another, — I shall stay here some days longer, and could almost wish it were for all my life; but mine, I fear, is not destin'd to so much tranquillity

I am, &c, &c,

LET-

L E T T E R XLVI.

To the Countess of ———.

Turin, Sept. 12, O. S. 1718.

I CAME, in two days, from Genoa, through fine roads to this place. I have already seen what is shew'd to strangers in the town, which indeed is not worth a very particular description; and I have not respect enough for the holy handkerchief, to speak long of it. The churches are handsome, and so is the King's palace; but I have lately seen such perfection of architecture, I did not give much of my attention to these pieces. The town itself is fairly built, situated in a fine plain on the banks of the *Po*. At a little distance from it we saw the palaces of *La Venerie*, and *La Valentin*, both very agreeable retreats. We were lodged in the *Piazza Royale*, which is one of the noblest squares I ever saw, with a fine portico of white stone quite round it. We were immediately visited by the *Chevalier*——, whom you knew in England, who, with great civility, begg'd to introduce us at court, which is now kept at *Rivoli*, about a league from *Turin*. I went thither yesterday, and had the

honour of waiting on the Queen, being presented to her by her first lady of honour. I found her Majesty, in a magnificent apartment, with a train of handsome ladies all dress'd in gowns, amongst which it was easy to distinguish the fair Princess of Carignan. The Queen entertain'd me with a world of sweetness and affability, and seem'd mistress of a great share of good sense. She did not forget to put me in mind of her English blood; and added, that she always felt, in herself, a particular inclination to love the English. I returned her civility, by giving her the title of Majesty, as often as I could, which perhaps she will not have the comfort of hearing many months longer.—

The King has a great deal of vivacity in his eyes; and the young Prince of Piedmont, is a very handsome young man; but the great devotion, which this court is, at present, fallen into, does not permit any of those entertainments proper for his age. Processions and masses are all the magnificence in fashion here; and gallantry is so criminal, that the poor Count of——, who was our acquaintance at London, is very seriously disgraced, for some small overtures he presum'd to make to a maid of honour. I intend to set out to-morrow, and to pass those dreadful Alps so much talk'd of.—If I come to the bottom, you shall hear of me.

I am, &c. &c.

LETTER XLVII.

To Mrs. T——.

Lyons, Sept. 25, O. S. 1718.

I RECEIVED, at my arrival here, both your obliging letters, and also letters from many of my other friends, design'd to Constantinople, and sent me from Marseilles hither; our merchant there knowing we were upon our return. I am surprized to hear my sister——has left England. I suppose what I wrote to her from Turin will be lost, and where to direct I know not, having no account of her affairs from her own hand. For my own part, I am confin'd to my chamber, having kept my bed till yesterday, ever since the 17th, that I came to this town, where I have had so terrible a fever, I believ'd for some time, that all my journies were ended here; and I do not at all wonder that such fatigues as I have pass'd, should have such an effect. The first day's journey from Turin to *Novalesse*, is through a very fine country, beautifully planted and enrich'd by art and nature. The next day we began to ascend mount *Cenis*, being carried in little seats of twisted osiers, fixed upon poles, upon mens shoulders;

shoulders; our chaises taken to pieces and laid upon mules.

The prodigious prospect of mountains covered with eternal snow, of clouds hanging far below our feet, and of vast cascades tumbling down the rocks with a confused roaring, would have been entertaining to me, if I had suffer'd less from the extreme cold that reigns here. But the misty rain, which falls perpetually, penetrated even the thick furr I was wrapped in; and I was half dead with cold before we got to the foot of the mountain, which was not till two hours after dark. This hill has a spacious plain on the top of it, and a fine lake there; but the descent is so steep and slippery, 'tis surprizing to see these chairmen go so steadily as they do. Yet I was not half so much afraid of breaking my neck, as I was of falling sick, and the event has shew'd, that I placed my fears right.

The other mountains are now all passable for a chaise, and very fruitful in vines and pastures. Amongst them is a breed of the finest goats in the world. ~~As we were the last, and soon after we enter'd~~ Pont Beauvoisin, the frontier town of France, whose bridge parts this kingdom and the dominions of Savoy. The same night we arrived late at this town, where I have had nothing to do but to take care of

my health. I think myself already out of any danger, and am determin'd, that the fore throat, which still remains, shall not confine me long. I am impatient to see the curiosities of this famous city, and more impatient to continue my journey to Paris, from whence I hope to write you a more diverting letter than 'tis possible for me to do now, with a mind weaken'd by sickness, a head muddled with spleen, from a sorry inn, and a chamber cram'd with mortifying objects of apothecaries vials and bottles.

I am, &c. &c.

LET-

L E T T E R XLVIII.

To Mr. Pope.

Lyons, Sept. 28, O. S. 1718.

I RECEIVED yours here, and should thank you for the pleasure you seem to enjoy from my return ; but I can hardly forbear being angry at you, for rejoicing at what displeases me so much. You will think this but an odd compliment on my side. I'll assure you, 'tis not from insensibility of the joy of seeing my friends ; but when I consider that I must at the same time see and hear a thousand disagreeable impertinents ; that I must receive and pay visits, make courtesies, and assist at tea-tables, where I shall be half killed with questions ; and, on the other part, that I am a creature, that cannot serve any body but with insignificant good wishes ; and that my presence is not a necessary good to any one member of my native country, I think I might much better have stay'd where ease and quiet made up the happiness of my indolent life — I should certainly be melancholy, if I pursued this theme one line farther. I will rather fill the remainder of this paper, with the inscriptions on the tables of brass, that are placed on each side of the town house.

I. TABLE.

I. TABLE.

Maererum. nostr : : : : sii : : : : Epi-
dem. primam. omnium. illam. cogitationem. homi-
num. quam. maxime. primam. occursum. mihi.
provideo. deprecor. ne. quasi. novam. istam. rem.
introduci. exhorrescat. sed. illa. potius. cogitetis.
quam. multa. in. hac. civitate. novata. sint. et.
quidem. statim. ab. origine. urbis. nostræ. in.
quod. formas. statusque. res. p. nostra. diducta. sit.

Quondam. reges. hanc. tenuere. urbem. ne.
zamen. domesticis. successoribus. eam. tradere. con-
tigit. supervenere. alieni. et. quidam. externi. ut.
Numa. Romulo. successerit. ex. Sabinis. veniens.
vicinus. quidem. sed. tunc. externus. ut. Anco.
Marcio. Priscus. Tarquinius. propter. temeratum.
sanguinem. quod. patre. de. marato. Corinthio.
natus. erat. et. Tarquinienfi. matre. generosa. sed.
inopi. ut. quæ. tali. marito. necesse. habuerit. suc-
cumbere. cum. domi. repelleretur. a. gerendis. ho-
noribus. postquam. Romam. migravit. regnum.
nam.

adeptus. est. huic. quoque. et. filio. nepotivæ. ejus.
 nam. et. hoc. inter. auctores. discrepat. insertus.
 Servius Tullius. si. nostros. sequimur. captiva.
 natus. ocrefia. si. tuscos. cæli. quondam. vivennæ.
 sodalis. fidelissimus. omnisque. ejus. casus. comes.
 postquam. varia. fortuna. exactus. cum. omnibus.
 reliquis. cæliani. exercitus. Etruria excessit. mon-
 tem. Cælium. occupavit. et. a. duce. suo. Cælio.
 ita. appellitatus. mutatoque. nomine. nam. tusce.
 maslarna. ei. nomen. erat. ita appellatus. est. ut.
 dixi. et. rēgnum. summa. cum. reip. utilitate.
 optinuit. deinde. postquam. Tarquini. Superbi.
 mores. inveni. civitati. nostræ. esse. cæperunt. qua.
 ipsius. qua. filiorum. ejus. nempe. pertæsum. est.
 mentes. regni. et. ad. consules. annuos. magistra-
 tus. administratio. reip. translata. est.

Quid. nunc. commemorem. dictaturæ. hoc. ipso.
 consulari. imperium. valentius. repertum. apud.
 majores. nostros. quo. in. asperioribus. bellis. aut.
 in. civili. motu. difficiliorē. uterentur. aut. in.
 auxilium. plebis. creatos. tribunos. plebei. quid.
 a. con- sulibus. ad. decemviros. translatum.
 imperium. solutoque. postea. decemvirali. regno.
 ad. consules. rursus. reditum quid. im : : : v.

ris. distributum. consulare. imperium. tribunosque.
 militum. consulari. imperio. appellatos. qui. seni.
 et. octoni. crearentur. quid. communicatos. post-
 remo. cum. plebe. honores. non. imperi. solum.
 sed. sacerdotum. quoque. jamsi. narrem. bella.
 a. quibus. cæperint. majores. nostri. et. quo.
 processerimus. vereor. ne. nimio. insolentior. esse.
 videar. et. quæsisse. jactationem. gloriæ. prolati.
 imperi. ultra. oceanum. sed. illo. C. Porius.
 revertar. civitatem.

IL TABLE.

nomen. latronis. taceam. et. odi. illud. palestri-
cum. prodigium. quod. ante. in. domum. censu-
latum. intulit. quam. colonia. sua. solidum.
civitatis. Romanæ. beneficium. consecuta. est.
idem. de. fratre. ejus. possum. dicere. miserabili.
quidem. indignissimoque. hoc. casu. ut. vobis.
utilis. senator. esse. non. possit.

Tempus. est. jam. Ti. Cæsar. Germanice
detegere. te. patribus. conscriptis. quo. tendat.
oratio. tua. jam. enim. ad. extremos. fines. Galliæ.
Narbonensis. venisti.

Tot. ecce. insignes. juvenes. quot. intueor. non.
magis. sunt. pænitendi. senatoreb. quam. pænitet.
Persicum. nobilissimum. virum. amicum. meum.
inter. imagines. majorum. suorum. Allogogici.
nomen. legere. quod. si. hæc. ita. esse. consenti-
is. quid. ultra. desideratis. quam. ut. vobis.
digito. demonstrem. solum. ipsum. ultra. fines.
provinciæ. Narbonensis. jam. vobis. senatores.
mittere. quando. ex. Lugduno. habere. nos.
nostri. ordinis. viros. non. pænitet. timide. qui-
dem. p. c. egressus. adsueros. familiaresque. vobis.
provinciarum. terminos. sum. sed. desiste. jam.

comatæ

comatæ. Galliæ. causa. agenda. est. in. qua. si.
 quis. hoc. intuetur. quod. bello. per. decem. annos.
 exercuerunt. divom. julium. idem. opponat. cen-
 tum. annorum. immobilem. fidem. obsequiumque.
 multis. iripidis. rebus. nostris. plusquam. expertum.
 illi. patri. meo. Druso. Germaniam. subigenti.
 tutam. quiete. sua. securamque. a. tergo. pacem.
 præstiterunt. et. quidem. cum. ad. census. novo.
 tum. opere. et. in. adfucto. Galliis. ad. bellum.
 advocatus. esset. quod. opus. quam. arduum. sit.
 nobis. nunc. cum. maxime. quamvis. nihil. ultra.
 quam. ut. publice. notæ. sint. facultates. nostræ.
 exquiratur. nimis. magno. experimento. cog-
 noscimus.

I was also shewed, without the gate of St. *Justinus*, some remains of a Roman aquæduct; and behind the monastery of St. *Mary*, there are the ruins of the Imperial palace, where the Emperor *CLAUDIUS* was born, and where *SEVERUS* lived. The great cathedral of St. *John* is a good Gothic building, and its clock much admired by the Germans. In one of the most conspicuous parts of the town, is the late king's statue set up, trampling upon mankind. I cannot forbear saying one word here of the French statues (for I never intend to mention any more of them) with their gilded full-bottomed wigs. If their King had intended to express in one image, *ignorance, ill taste, and vanity*, his sculptors could have made no other figure, so proper for that purpose, as this statue, which represents the odd mixture of an old *beau*, who had a mind to be a *hero*, with a bushel of curl'd hair on his head, and a gilt truncheon in his hand.—The French have been so voluminous on the history of this town, I need say nothing of it. The houses are tolerably well built, and the *Belle-cour* well planted, from whence is seen the celebrated joining of the Soane and Rhone.

“*Ubi Rhodanus ingens amne prærapido fluit*
 “*Ararque dubitans quo suos fluctus agat.*”

have had time to see every thing with great
 I leisure,

leisure, having been confined several days to this town by a swelling in my throat, the remains of a fever, occasioned by a cold I got in the damp of the Alps. The doctors here threaten me with all sorts of distempers, if I dare to leave them ; but I, that know the obstinacy of it, think it just as possible to continue my way to Paris, with it, as to go about the streets of Lyons, and am determin'd to pursue my journey to-morrow, in spite of doctors, apothecaries and sore throats.

When you see Lady R——, tell her I have received her letter, and will answer it from Paris, believing that the place that she would most willingly hear of.

I am, &c. &c.

L E T T E R XLIX.

To the Lady R——.

Paris, Oct. 10, O. S. 1718.

I CANNOT give my dear Lady R——, a better proof of the pleasure I have in writing to her, than chusing to do it in this seat of various amusements, where I am *accablée* with visits, and those so full of vivacity and compliments, that 'tis full employment enough to hearken, whether one answers or not. The French Ambassadrefs at Constantinople, has a very considerable and numerous family here, who all come to see me, and are never weary of making enquiries. The air of Paris has already had a good effect on me; for I was never in better health, though I have been extreme ill, all the road from Lyons to this place. You may judge how agreeable the journey has been to me; which did not want that addition to make me dislike it. I think nothing so terrible as objects of misery, except one had the God-like attribute of being capable to redress them; and all the country villages of France shew nothing else. While the post-horses are changed, the whole town comes out to beg, with such miserable starv'd faces, and thin

thin tattered cloaths, they need no other eloquence to persuade one of the wretchedness of their condition. This is all the French magnificence till you come to *Fontainebleau*, when you are shewed one thousand five hundred rooms in the King's hunting palace. The apartments of the royal family are very large, and richly gilt; but I saw nothing in the architecture or painting worth remembring. The long gallery, built by Henry IV. has prospects of all the King's houses. Its walls are design'd after the taste of those times, but appear now very mean. The park is, indeed, finely wooded and watered, the trees well grown and planted, and in the fish-ponds are kept tame carp, said to be, some of them, eighty years of age. The late King passed some months every year at this seat; and all the rocks, round it, by the pious sentences inscribed on them, shew the devotion in fashion at his court, which I believe died with him; at least I see no exterior marks of it at Paris, where all peoples thoughts seem to be on present diversion.

The fair of *St. Lawrence* is now in season. You may be sure I have been carried thither, and think it much better dispos'd than ours of Bartholomew. The shops being all set in rows so regularly, and well lighted, they made up a very agreeable spectacle. But I was not at all satisfied with the *grossièreté* of their Harlequin,

no more than with their music at the opera, which was abominably grating, after being used to that of Italy. Their house is a booth compared to that of the Hay-Market, and the play-house not so neat as that of Lincoln's Inn-fields; but then, it must be own'd, to their praise, their tragedians are much beyond any of ours. I should hardly allow Mrs. O—— d a better place than to be confidante to La——. I have seen the Tragedy of BAJAZET so well represented, that I think our best actors can be only said to speak, but these to feel; and 'tis certainly infinitely more moving to see a man appear unhappy, than to hear him say that he is so, with a jolly face and a stupid smirk in his countenance.—— *A propos* of countenances, I must tell you something of the French ladies; I have seen all the beauties, and such—— (I can't help making use of the coarse word) nauseous creatures! so fantastically absurd in their dress! so monstrously unnatural in their paints! their hair cut short, and curled round their faces, and so loaded with powder, that it makes it look like white wool! and on their cheeks to their chins, unmercifully laid on a shining red japan, that glistens in a most flaming manner, so that they seem to have no resemblance to human faces. I am apt to believe that they took the first hint of their dress, from a fair sheep newly ruddled. 'Tis with pleasure I recollect my dear pretty country women; and

and if I was writing to any body else, I should say, that these grotesque dawbers give me still a higher esteem of the natural charms of dear Lady R——'s auburne hair, and the lively colours of her unsullied complexion.

I am, &c. &c.

P. S. I have met the Abbé here, who desires me to make his compliments to you.

LET.

[138]

L E T T E R L.

To Mr. T——.

Paris, Oct. 16, O. S. 1718.

YOU see I'm just to my word in writing to you from Paris, where I was very much surprized to meet my sister. I need not add, very much pleased. She as little expected to see me as I her (having not receiv'd my late letters) and this meeting would shine under the hand of *de Scuderie*, but I shall not imitate his style so far, as to tell you how often we embrac'd, how she enquired by what odd chance I return'd from Constantinople? And I answer'd her by asking, what adventure brought her to Paris? To shorten the story, all questions and answers, and exclamations and compliments being over, we agreed upon running about together, and have seen *Versailles*, *Trianon*, *Marli* and *St. Cloud*. We had an order for the water to play for our diversion, and I was followed thither by all the English at Paris. I own *Versailles* appeared to me rather vast than beautiful; and, after having seen the exact proportions of the Italian buildings, I thought the irregularity of it shocking.

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The King's cabinet of antiques and medals, is, indeed, very richly furnished. Amongst that collection, none pleased so well as the *Apotheose* of *Germanicus*, on a large agate, which is one of the most delicate pieces of the kind that I remember to have seen. I observ'd some ancient statues of great value. But the nauseous flattery and tawdry pencil of *LE BRUN*, are equally disgusting in the gallery. I will not pretend to describe to you the great apartment, the vast variety of fountains; the theatre, the grove of *Æsop's* fables, &c. all which you may read very amply particularized in some of the French authors; that have been paid for these descriptions. *Trignon*, in its littleness, pleased me better than *Verfailles*; *Marti*, better than either of them, and *St. Cloud* best of all, having the advantage of the *Seine* running at the bottom of the gardens, the great cascade, &c. You may find information in the aforesaid books, if you have any curiosity to know the exact number of the statues, and how many feet they cast up the water.

We saw the King's pictures in the magnificent house of the Duke d'Antin, who has the care of preserving them till his Majesty is of age. There are not many, but of the best hands. I looked with great pleasure on the *Arch-Angel* of *RAPHAEL*, where the sentiments
of

of superior beings are as well expressed as in Milton. You won't forgive me, if I say nothing of the *Tuilleries*, much finer than our Mall; and the *Cour*, more agreeable than our *Hyde-Park*, the high trees giving shade in the hottest season. At the *Louvre*, I had the opportunity of seeing the King, accompanied by the Duke Regent. He is tall and well shap'd, but has not the air of holding the crown so many years as his grandfather. And now I am speaking of the court, I must say I saw nothing in France, that delighted me so much as to see an Englishman (at least a Briton) absolute at Paris; I mean Mr. LAW, who treats their Dukes and Peers extremely '*de haut en bas*,' and is treated by them with the utmost submission and respect.—Poor souls!—This reflection on their abject slavery, puts me in mind of the *place des Victoires*; but I will not take up your time and my own with such descriptions, which are too numerous.

In general, I think Paris has the advantage of London in the neat pavement of the streets, and the regular lighting of them at nights, in the proportion of the streets, the houses being all built of stone, and most of those belonging to people of quality being beautified by gardens. But we certainly may boast of a town very near twice as large, and when

[141]

I have said that, I know nothing else we surpass it in. I shall not continue here long ; if you have any thing to command me during my short stay, write soon, and I shall take pleasure in obeying you.

I am, &c. &c.

LET-

LETTER LI.

To the Abbot———.

Dover, Oct. 31, O. S. 1718.

I AM willing to take your word for it that I shall really oblige you, by letting you know, as soon as possible, my safe passage over the water. I arrived this morning at Dover after being tossed a whole night in the packet boat in so violent a manner, that the master, considering the weakness of his vessel, thought it proper to remove the mail, and gave us notice of the danger. We call'd a little fishing boat, which could hardly make up to us ; while all the people on board us were crying to heaven. 'Tis hard to imagine one's self in a scene of greater horror than on such an occasion, and yet shall I own it to you? tho' I was not at all willing to be drown'd, I could not forbear being entertain'd at the double distress of a fellow-passenger. She was an English lady that I had met at Calais, who desired me to let her go over with me in my cabin. She had bought a fine point head, which she was contriving to conceal from the customhouse officers. When the wind grew high, and our little vessel crack'd, she fell very heartily to her prayers, and thought wholly of her soul.

When

When it seem'd to abate, she returned to the wordly care of her head-dress, and address'd herself to me ——— “ *Dear Madam, will you take care of this point ? if it should be lost ! — ah Lord, we shall all be lost ! Lord have mercy on my soul ! — Pray, madam, take care of this head-dress.* ” This easy transition from her soul to her head-dress, and the alternate agonies that both gave her, made it hard to determine which she thought of greatest value. But however, the scene was not so diverting but I was glad to get rid of it, and be thrown into the little boat, tho’ with some hazard of breaking my neck. It brought me safe hither, and I cannot help looking with partial eyes on my native land. That partiality was certainly given us by nature, to prevent rambling, the effect of an ambitious thirst after knowledge, which we are not formed to enjoy. All we get by it is a fruitless desire of mixing the different pleasures and conveniences which are given to the different parts of the world, and cannot meet in any one of them. After having read all that is to be found in the languages I am mistress of, and having decayed my sight by midnight studies, I envy the easy peace of mind of a ruddy milk-maid, who, undisturb’d by doubt, hears the sermon, with humility, every Sunday, not having confounded the sentiments of natural duty in her head by the vain enquiries of the schools, who may be more learn’d,

learn'd, yet, after all, must remain as ignorant. And after having seen part of Asia and Africa and almost made the tour of Europe, I think the honest English squire more happy, who verily believes the Greek wines less delicious than March beer, that the African fruits have not so fine a flavour as golden pippins, that the *Beca figuas* of Italy are not so well tasted as a rump of beef, and that in short there is no perfect enjoyment of this life out of Old England. I pray God I may think so for the rest of my life; and since I must be contented with our scanty allowance of day-light, that I may forget the enlivening sun of Constantinople.

I am, &c. &c.

LET

L E T T E R LII.

To Mr. P——.

Dover, Novr. 1, O. S. 1718.

I Have this minute received a letter of yours sent me from Paris. I believe and hope I shall very soon see both you and Mr. *Congreve*; but as I am here in an inn, where we stay to regulate our march to London, bag and baggage, I shall employ some of my leisure time in answering that part of yours that seems to require an answer.

I must applaud your good nature in supposing that your pastoral lovers, (vulgarly called Haymakers) would have lived in everlasting joy and harmony, if the lightning had not interrupted their scheme of happiness. I see no reason to imagine that *John Hughes* and *Sarah Drew* were either wiser or more virtuous than their neighbours. That a well-set man of twenty-five should have a fancy to marry a brown woman of eighteen, is nothing marvelous; and I cannot help thinking that had they married, their lives would have passed in the common track with their fellow-parishioners. His endeavouring to shield her from a storm was a natural action, and what he would have

VOL. II. N certainly

certainly done for his horse, if he had been in the same situation. Neither am I of opinion that their sudden death was a reward of their mutual virtue. You know the Jews were reprov'd for thinking a village destroyed by fire, more wicked than those that had escaped the thunder. Time and chance happen to all men. Since you desire me to try my skill in an *epitaph*, I think the following lines perhaps more just, tho' not so poetical as yours.

*Here lies John Hughes and Sarah Drew;
 Perhaps you'll say, what's that to you?
 Believe me, friend, much may be said
 On that poor couple that are dead.
 On Sunday next they should have married;
 But see how oddly things are carried!
 On Thursday last it rain'd and lighten'd,
 These tender lovers sadly frighten'd,
 Shelter'd beneath the cocking hay
 In hopes to pass the time away.
 But the BOLD THUNDER found them out
 (Commission'd for that end no doubt)
 And seizing on their trembling breath,
 Consign'd them to the shades of death.
 Who knows if 'twas not kindly done?
 For had they seen the next year's sun,
 A beaten wife and cuckold swain
 Had jointly curs'd the marriage chain;
 Now they are happy in their doom,*
 FOR POPE HAS WROTE UPON THEIR TOMB.

I confess these sentiments are not altogether so heroic as yours ; but I hope you will forgive them in favour of the two last lines. You see how much I esteem the honour you have done them ; tho' I am not very impatient to have the same, and had rather continue to be your stupid, *living*, humble servant, than be *celebrated* y all the pens in Europe.

I would write to Mr. ~~Conscience~~, but suppose you will read this to him if he enquires after me.

T H E E N D.

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20